

War Prize Winners In This Issue

Life



MAY 8, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS

MICHELIN

Balloon Comfort Cords

**Much bigger than other
Balloon Tires**
for present rims



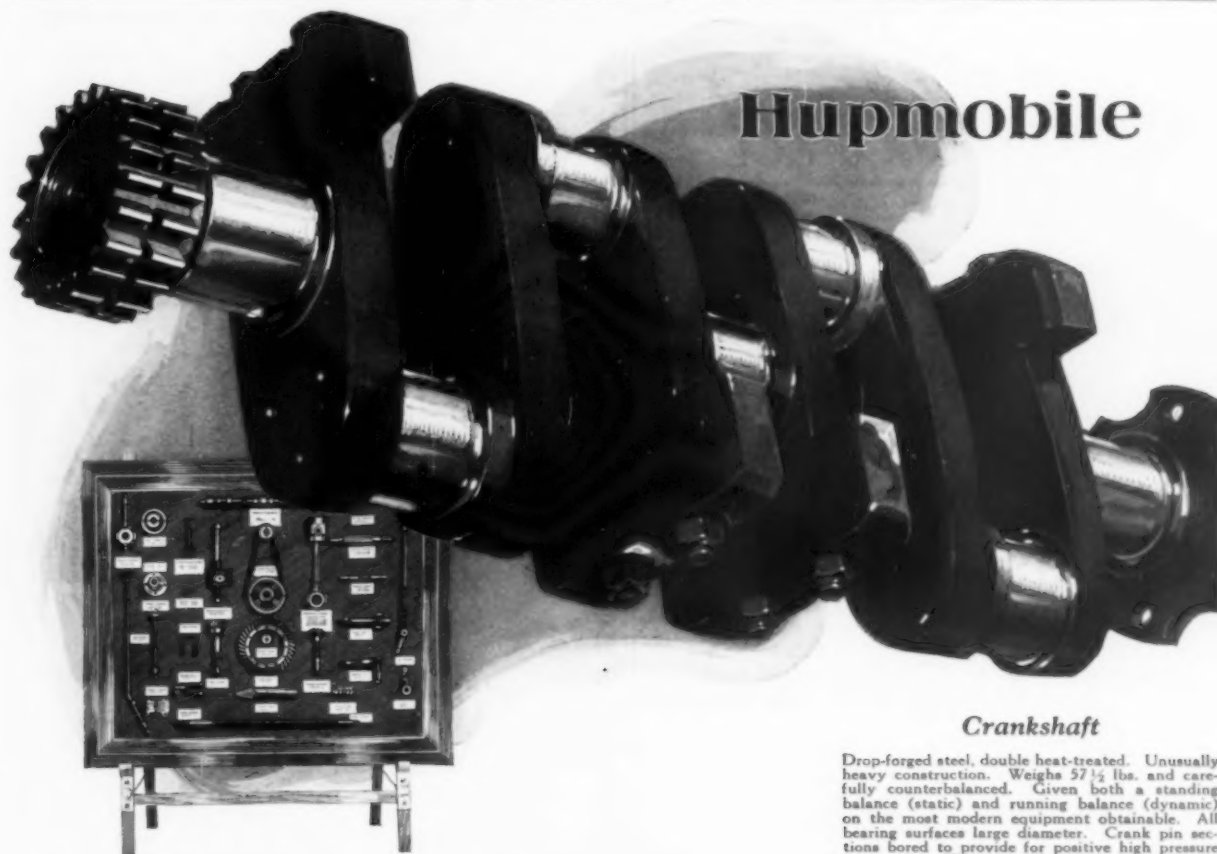
For instance: To replace 32 x 4½ tires Michelin recommends the 35 x 6.60 Michelin Balloon Comfort Cord which is 117% larger in air space than the oversize cord it replaces. Other balloon tires recommended for the same rim are only 49% larger in air space than oversize cords. In other words, Michelin Comfort Cords offer you more than twice as big an increase in size

over present equipment as do other makes.

This extra size is all-important. It makes possible lower inflation and more flexible construction, and thus results in a combination of riding comfort, car protection and tire mileage that is without rival. You can have immediate delivery of Michelin Comfort Cords. Ask your dealer.

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, N. J.

A full line of balloon tires for present rims, including a clincher balloon that fits standard Ford Clincher rims without change.



Hupmobile

Crankshaft

Drop-forged steel, double heat-treated. Unusually heavy construction. Weighs 57½ lbs. and carefully counterbalanced. Given both a standing balance (static) and running balance (dynamic) on the most modern equipment obtainable. All bearing surfaces large diameter. Crank pin sections bored to provide for positive high pressure lubrication. Three large bronze-backed, babbitt-lined bearings, all bored at one time to insure perfect alignment, and then hand-fitted to crankshaft. It would be much less expensive, but not nearly as satisfactory, to use a lighter crankshaft, not counterbalanced, not bored for lubrication; and to use plain die-cast babbitt bearings, not hand-fitted, and not backed by bronze.

Common Sense Tells You This is Right

Buy No Car Till You Know What It Is

You can make up your mind to one thing—either the car you buy will measure up to Hupmobile in quality and value, or you will not get your money's-worth.

Prove What You've Always Wanted to Know

You've always admired the Hupmobile—consciously and unconsciously made it the standard.

If in the past you've bought a less finely built car, you were insistent upon being assured that the other car had the sheer mechanical value and trustworthiness that you feel the Hupmobile possesses to a greater degree than any other car in its class.

Now, before you buy another car, go a step further. Buy deliberately and with your eyes open.

Think of your money in terms of the effort it cost you. Think of the car in terms of performance, sturdiness,

freedom from structural or material weaknesses, and of closely calculated dollar-value. Do not be misled by mere bulk and glitter.

The Safe, Sure Way to Get the Facts

To help you do this on the only practical basis, Hupmobile has done a revolutionary thing.

It asks you to check the Hupmobile, part by part, against any other car, of any make, at any price.

To make it practical and easy for you to do this, Hupmobile, in its famous parts displays, has brought hidden but important parts out where you can see them.

On these boards are captions telling what the parts are made of and how.

In red ink, significantly enough, are described the lesser processes and materials that are often used.

This will prove to you that you cannot find a better made car than Hupmobile.

The plain truth is that—until you find a car that equals Hupmobile in quality of materials, in structural and mechanical soundness, and in fineness of manufacturing, you are not justified in buying that car as a transportation unit.

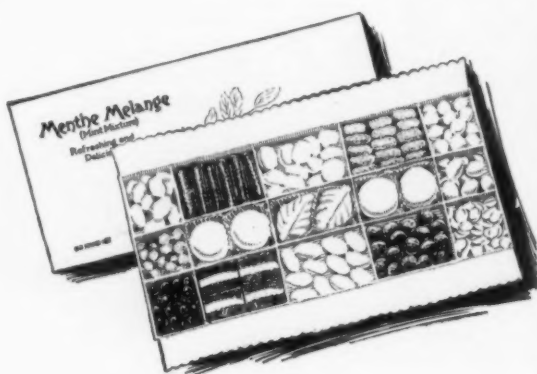
The Way to Buy Wisely and Well

We know this—hundreds on hundreds are making this unique and fact-revealing test. And a surprising percentage are buying Hupmobiles.

Make the test—convince yourself. And then when you know the definite, cold-steel reasons for Hupmobile superiority—buy your Hupmobile.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Maillard
NEW YORK



MENTHE MELANGE
Mixture 15 Mints
Delightfully Refreshing



*Cabin
Steamers
to EUROPE*

THE MODERN TREND IN TRAVEL—

The comfortable, well appointed cabin liner with its moderate priced accommodations—40% less than on express steamers—has opened a new era in European travel. People of moderate means, who have hesitated to visit the Old World because of expense, today are traveling by cabin liners.

To meet the ever increasing demand for this economical and agreeable transatlantic service, the Royal Mail now has four famous "O" steamers, the OHIO, ORCA, ORDUNA, ORBITA—a luxurious cabin liner fleet. Each of these splendid ships is noted for its delightful atmosphere, spacious cabins, broad promenade decks and excellent cuisine. An unsurpassed service at moderate cost, with sailings from New York to

CHERBOURG SOUTHAMPTON HAMBURG
PLYMOUTH BELFAST GREENOCK

**ROYAL
MAIL**
"The Comfort Route"

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

New York Boston Chicago Detroit Minneapolis San Francisco
Seattle Vancouver Toronto Halifax

THE ARISTOCRAT OF COLLARS



KEBO
A NEW STYLE IN
**ARROW
COLLARS**

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc. Makers.

20
CENTS
EACH



**THE BURT and PACKARD
"Korrek Shape"**

(LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK STAMPED ON SOLE)

FOR more than fifty years it has been unnecessary to "break-in" new shoes. Insisting upon getting "KORREKT SHAPE" shoes eliminates all that foot punishment.

The Smartest styles -- for all occasions -- with the foot comfort you need all the time.

\$10
for most
styles

All "Korrek Shape" shoes are molded to the feet under 1/4-ton pressure.



SEND FOR LATEST
STYLE BOOKLET
FIELD & FLINT CO.
Makers
BROCKTON, MASS.

Also makers of
the celebrated
"ANATOMIX" SHOES
for men.



Gloucester Last
Just one of many
smart styles

The Little Green House

(Suggestion for a Republican Campaign Song)

THE house of the green-painted gables,
The sheltered gray home on the hill
Have figured in songs and in fables
With tumble-down shacks by the mill.
The house of the thousands of candles
Was widely proclaimed in its day,
But give me the house of the scandals—
The little green house out on "K."

CHORUS (Patter).

I've packed my suit case, always mute
case,
And I'm going to leave here now.
It's filled with whisky; that's not risky,
Though it's not what the laws allow.
To Orr is human; revenue man,
You had better stay far away!
No Secret Service makes me nervous
In the little green house on "K."

The house of the family of Usher,
The palace that Solomon built
Had nothing to do with a gusher
And they were not founded on silt.
The White House is stately and famous,
Though latterly changing to gray.
But give me the house that could shame us—
The little green house out on "K."

CHORUS (Patter).

I've packed my Scotch up; wound my
watch up,
And I'm ready to make the trip.
If any one's thirsty, at the worst he
Can wait till I empty my grip.
You know that losers can't be boozers,
So strictly in private I'll say
That high protection's my connection
In the little green house on "K."
J. K. M.

Quantitative

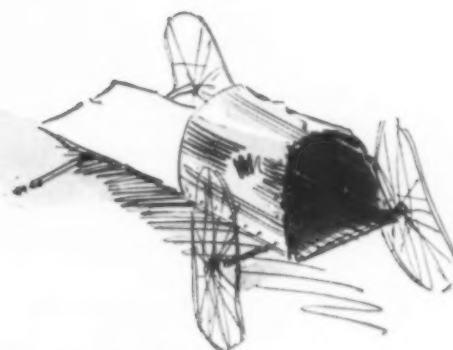
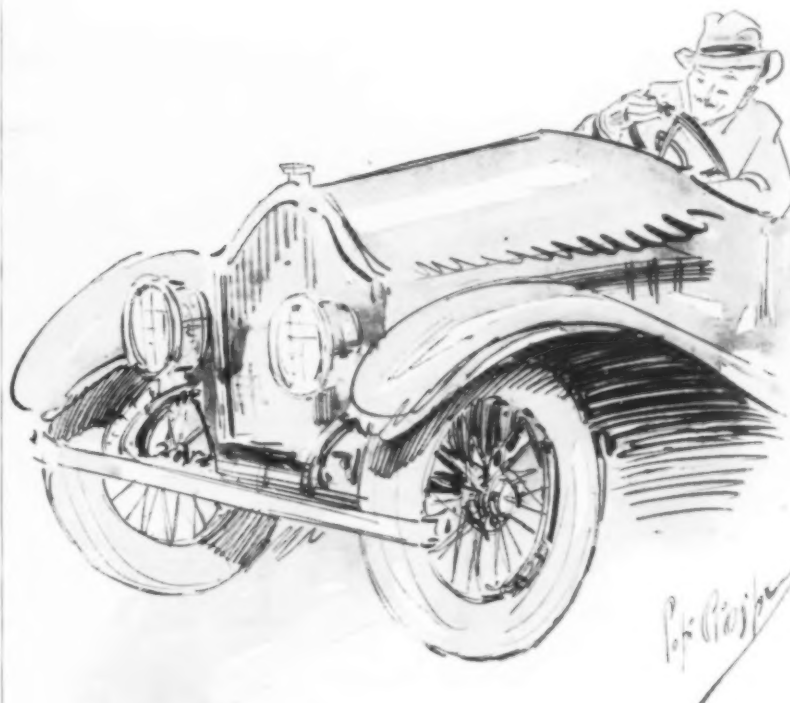
At reasonable walking distances from a mid-Southern health resort are springs of variable water analysis, guests being directed to one or another as recommended by the house physician.

A portly guest, much in need of "reducing," was directed to a distant spring, where he found a typical old darky grandpap—apparently a self-appointed guardian. Asked if the water in this spring was pure, the old man replied, with an air of authority:

"Yassah, de watah in dis spring am pure. It hab been scandalized by de bestest phrenologers in de lan', and dey say, dey do, dat she muntain seben p'cent. exide acide, eleben p'cent. cow-bonic acide, an' de rest am pure hydro-phobia."

LISTENING, with most of us, is a matter of waiting until the other person has finished.

© 1924 M. T. & R. Co.



"HEY, MISTER! GIVE US A HAND, WILL YA?"

A GOOD driver keeps out of tight places. A fair driver gets in but also gets out. A poor driver neither stays out nor gets out. Mason Safety First Cords will help the first two. Nothing will help the last.

THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, KENT, OHIO

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD



PACKARD EIGHT SEVEN-PASSENGER TOURING CAR

SIMPLICITY

Back of the beautiful simplicity of the Packard Eight are fundamental advances in engineering principles and design which have direct bearing on performance and the cost of operation.

Fewer parts offer less opportunity for friction. Less power is wasted in lost motion. Adjustments, and repairs when needed, are made more easily and at less expense by the accessibility of parts.

Proof is to be found in a comparison of Packard Eight Standardized service charges with the cost of similar operations on complicated cars.

Further proof of the value of Packard simplicity is the exceptional gasoline and oil mileage which owners report.

You have not experienced the ultimate degree of motoring performance, ease and luxury until you have ridden in and driven the Packard Eight.

Packard Eight furnished in ten popular body types, open and enclosed. Balloon Tires optional equipment on all models at reasonable extra cost.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

MAY - 6 1924

Life

A Flapper to Artemis

By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn

I CAN'T understand
The reason men worship you so,
Poets and sculptors and everyday folk—
All those æons ago
They gave you the moon,
And forests of swift dappled deer,
And nymphs in the shady brown pools
In the spring of the year,
And arrows to shoot from your bow,
And staghounds to run at your call;
They gave you Endymion too,
The loveliest lover of all!
Yet you are so cold,
As cold as the wind from your hills,
So ruthless, so cruel, so strange,
A goddess, who kills!
They call you "chaste Dian" and tell
How one looked on your beauty—and died!
Is that chastity? I call it rage,
Black temper and merciless pride,
For think of young Actæon there,
Like some shy boy, who stares at a rose
A-bloom in a thicket of thorns,
Nor dreams that the gods are his foes!
You, neither a rose nor a girl,
You acted the part of a shrew,
Turned Actæon into a stag,
Saw his hunting dogs tear him in two. . . .

Some cavil at Venus and say
That she is a wanton, but I
Would rather spring nude from the foam
of her seas
Than freeze, with your moon, in the sky!





"WHAT DOES THE FIRST ROBIN REMIND YOU OF?"
"TO ORDER ANOTHER TON OF COAL."

On Thinking

THINKING is a very dangerous business. Particularly if we believe what we think. It will lead us to do things which we may later regret. Or it will lead us not to do them, which we may regret even more. It makes for investigation and analysis—for dissection and probing—and it is not long before we begin to detect flaws in those very delights that we once believed to be perfect. We may even go so far as to discover hopeless errors in ourselves. Thus, disillusion sets in—disillusion that threads its subtle way into the contentment of our lives and spreads with lightning-like rapidity. Soon it is too late to do anything but submit. We are lost in a sea of ideas. Thinking, like love, is a game without rules. We strongly advise against it.

To a Crystal Ball

IF we could know from day to day
Each single footstep of our way,
If all the future were reflexed
So we might see, or glad or vexed,
Where would the use be left to pray?

The years that pass in long array
By retrospect are silver-gray,
But life would show us small pretext
If we could know.

The past is easy to survey
Through tears grown softer by delay;
Our courage would be sore perplexed
Were we aware of each step next.
We might be half-afraid to stay
If we could know.

Ruth Kauffman.

THE original sky-writer—the Recording Angel.

"Professor Blotter Quits Columbia!"

"President Requests Resignation Following Latest Invention!"

MY horrified eye scanned the introductory paragraph of the extra edition I had bought: "— was the first man to discover how to measure ocean liners without having to stand them on end beside the Woolworth Tower—" — also famous for missionary work in Australia, giving boxing lessons to kangaroos so they could get jobs in vaudeville—" No, there was no doubt about it; it was Professor Blotter.

I discovered him sadly packing the blueprints of his latest invention into a briefcase. He handed me the letter without comment.

"Dear Professor Blotter," it read, "the President has asked me to request your immediate resignation from the University, following your inventions in the field of Standardization of Thought. He feels that the publication of your ideas would be ruinous to the financial interests of all the colleges of the country." It was signed by the Secretary.

"And I thought I was doing modern education a good turn," said the aged scientist bitterly. "Inasmuch as all our greater institutions of learning (numerically speaking) have the single aim of producing large quantities of graduates all exactly alike, I only sought to introduce a little efficiency into their methods."

He held up his blueprints sadly.

"Just a standard iron mold, like a mummy case, which can be built according to the prescribed formula of each university," explained Dr. Blotter. "The young student is forced into it when it is white-hot, and pounded and mashed with mallets, and lopped and clipped with shears, until he fits the form exactly. Then he is graduated.

"I also made some head-molds for the Faculty," added Professor Blotter. "I don't know why they made every one so angry," he sighed, "unless it was that they all happened to be square."

C. H. F.

The Quest

CLERK: Yes, this is the employment agency.

MRS. NORTH: Do you think you have a cook that I would please?

Life Lines

ALL the nations are coming out in favor of the Dawes report. They probably find it easier to accept the report than to read it.

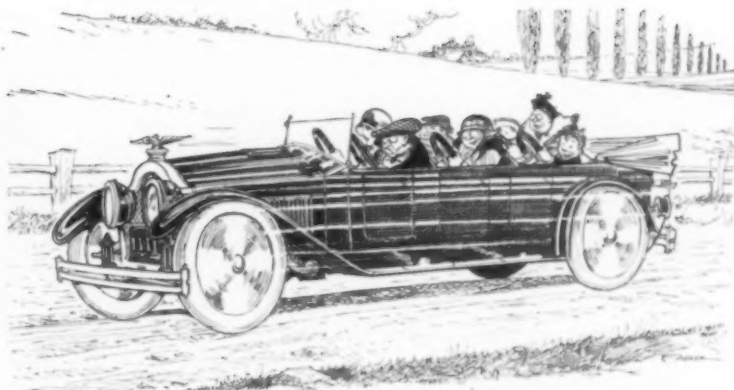
The Dawes plan sounds awfully complicated, but as near as we can figure it out it means that the U. S. will have to pay as usual.

The Ku Klux Klan has started a daily paper in Saginaw, Mich. Mr. Munsey, do your duty!

Congress has given offense to the Japanese, but the Japanese cannot complain. They ought to be able to bear once in a while what the American people have to endure all the time.

Harvard's reputation as a Millionaire's Heaven is menaced since New York City started a school for bricklayers.

Dean West of Princeton says that Latin is still a popular study, but he neglects to specify with whom.



SUGGESTION TO AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

DESIGN A SEVEN-STEERING MODEL, THEREBY GIVING EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY A CHANCE TO RUN THE CAR AS IT SHOULD BE RUN.

"The Unbidden Guest"

IT was at the Rockingfords' dance that he first espied her. The music was playing a languorous waltz and the gaily-tinted Chinese lanterns swung merrily in the breeze. Near by the sound of breaking waves crashed through the salt-perfumed air.

After their seventh fox-trot he

escorted her to the verandah and, in the romantic spirit of the occasion, asked her name.

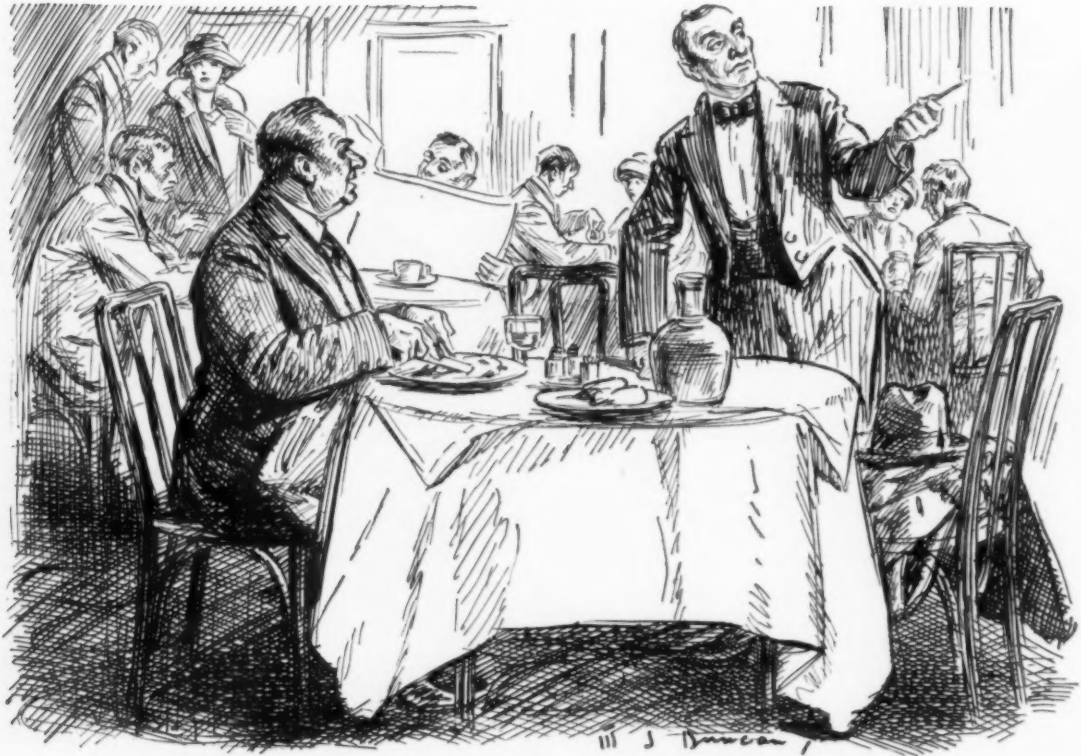
"I am Mrs. Rockingford," she replied.

What Next!

AND now it's the animals! The giraffes, we understand, are on strike. "Higher cages" is their slogan.



OUTLAWS



"THIS BEEFSTEAK IS SO TOUGH MY KNIFE WON'T CUT IT."
 "WAITER, ANOTHER KNIFE FOR THE GENTLEMAN!"

The Hat Box

WHEN a woman's off to the country for a week-end and she "hasn't a thing to wear," she decides her hat box is the proper baggage to take it in.

A hat box is a young trunk, maliciously classified as hand luggage. It differs from a wardrobe trunk in that it contains more wardrobe and larger hats, and you carry it. If you object, you are told by the wife you can either take that or three or more striped and colored handboxes inscribed as hailing from the establishment of a lady who calls her shop a *maison* and uses her first name for purposes of business rather than friendship. Unwilling to be taken for a man milliner, you accept the fielder's choice of the hat box.

After a taxi has charged trunk rates for transporting the hat box to the station, a red cap pointedly loads it on a hand truck and perspiringly

pushes it to the train. The Pullman porter tries to dispose of it behind chairs, under seats and on shelves, at last abandoning it in the aisle. The trip is a procession of birds of passage who walk up and down the aisle, fall over the hat box and give you a series of nasty looks.

You stagger off the train, lugging the hat box, which bids fair to give you a permanent list to starboard, the wife assisting on the handle of your suitcase. Your hosts have not met you. They explain later their place is only five minutes (real-estate time) from the station, and they and the car were awfully busy. All hacks having been claimed, you totter out with the hat box and finally make the villa, where you are greeted and told it was high time you ran out to the country for a rest, because hard work in the city has put its mark on you.

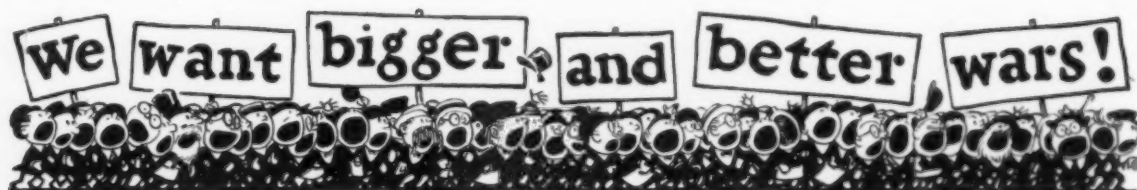
Fairfax Downey.



A GENTLEMEN'S DISAGREEMENT



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYES
YE SEA MONSTER AS DESCRIBED BY YE EYE WYTNESS.



The Winners of the War Contest

First Prize: \$250

STUART CHASE, 2 West 43rd St., New York

Second Prize: \$125

OSCAR GRAEVE, 120 West 12th St., New York

Third Prize: \$75

RALPH S. MOORE, *The Smelter*, El Paso, Texas

Fourth Prize: \$50

W. E. STRANG, Box 33, Dodgeville, Michigan

First Prize

BIGGER and Better Wars? That's what we all want. The notion that war is a curse is the bunk. Unadulterated. War liberates all kinds of stifled emotions; puts color and rhythm and adventure back into the world. You're running a power loom day after day in a lint-filled room. Suddenly you're out on the street marching to the roll of drums, and flags are waving, and the sun is shining, and the crowds are cheering. Cheering you! You're a woman, a tired, overworked woman. You've sent your son to the front. You're somebody at last. Pain, and the ecstasy of sacrifice. And the newspapers are applauding you!

Bigger and better wars. We'll have them, plenty of them, just so long as war lets out that which peace holds in. So my plan is, don't let peace become too interesting. Keep it on the usual humdrum level. Keep the machines grinding, the housewives scrubbing, the clerks scrivenering. Slam the door on color, music, leisure and art. Standardize the job, standardize the schools, standardize the movies. Hold 'em! wrist linked to wrist, knee bent to knee, and so God knows, being human, they will always be ready for Bigger and Better Wars!

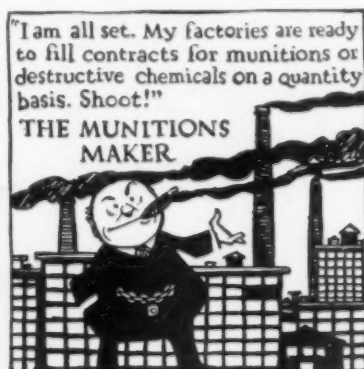
STUART CHASE

Second Prize

WHY not Japan? There's been a lot of talk of war with Japan; our propaganda is half-accomplished. Besides, Japan is crippled, owing to earthquake and fire; in other words, God is already working with us.

Then start rumors. Start 'em in California. Six little orphan girls found in a dark wood with their throats cut! ("Honest! It's true! My cousin's uncle had a friend who ...and you know what them Japs are!")

Another rumor. Six little orphan boys discovered on a lonely beach with their ears removed! And the coincidence (for one atrocity happened a week after the other) will be



accepted throughout the country as proof that the Japs did it.

Next, have George M. Cohan write a song; its refrain: "Let's slap the Jap from off the map!"

The song sweeps the country. Men, women and children sing it. Indignation meetings are held in Illinois, California, Oregon and Kansas.

Well, that's enough!

The President, although his heart bleeds, cannot hold out any longer. He goes to Congress with his message.

WAR!

("Them dirty Japs! They started it!")

OSCAR GRAEVE.

Third Prize

LET a demented peasant in the Balkans assassinate an obscure Austrian archduke, in a bizarre city with an improbable name. This will result in the prompt delivery of an ultimatum to Serbia, the offender. Germany will come to the aid of her ally, Austria, and begin to mobilize. France and Russia will of course be "obliged" to do the same. Upon rumor of the invasion of Belgium, the "honor" of England will be assailed! From sheer force of example the little nations will now tumble into the vortex. If Italy cannot find room on the side of Germany, she can join the allied nations. The United States, although at first too proud to fight, will soon find war becoming so popular a pastime that she will be compelled to come in to save her own share of democracy.

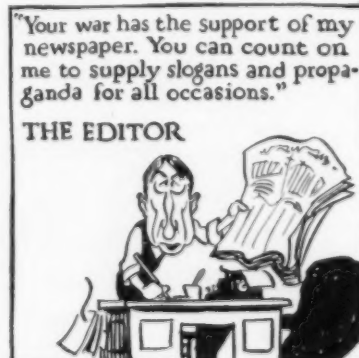
While it must be conceded that this plan, as outlined, savors of opera bouffe, yet it has great merit from the pragmatic standpoint. The author asserts that it is the only method submitted that is positively guaranteed—or propaganda money cheerfully refunded.

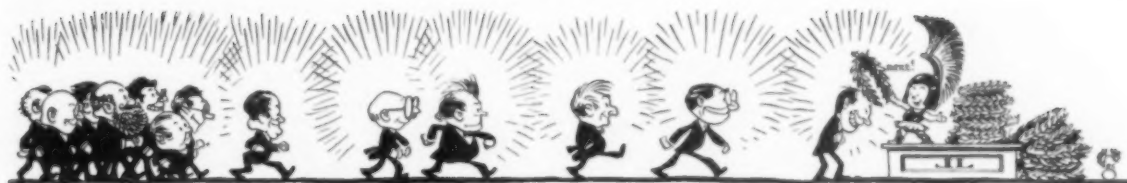
RALPH S. MOORE.

Fourth Prize

MOBILIZE.

W. E. STRANG.





It's All Over but the Shooting

ON April 15, the closing day of LIFE's Contest for the best plan for breeding a war, the United States Senate crashed through with a scheme so gigantic in its potential mischievousness that it made all other entries seem innocuous. It passed the Immigration Bill containing the carefully calculated insult to Japan.

Having been enraged at the start of the Contest by being specifically barred as "professional war-makers," the members of Congress evidently determined to start a war of their own, and it is with chagrin that we are forced to admit that they have shown up our amateur contestants for a group of pacifists. To Congress, eligible or ineligible, unquestionably belongs the prize for the best plan for starting an international conflict.

The judges of LIFE's Contest have therefore decided to issue a special award, in the form of a beautifully lettered testimonial done on parchment in elegant colors, to be shared by the two Houses in a manner to be designated by them in legislative session. We would suggest that it be hung in the Capitol restaurant, where neither Senators nor Representatives will see it.

Following is the wording of the Special Award:

"To the Congress of the United States of America, in recognition of its inestimable services in furthering the cause of war by passing, in the face of almost unanimous opposition on the part of its literate constituents, the Immigration Bill containing the Japanese Exclusion clause."

"Although specifically barred from competition in LIFE's War Contest, the members of the Congress pluckily went ahead, with no thought of personal gain and at the expense of their reputation for sane statesmanship, and formulated a plan so simple and inevitable in its potentialities for the promotion of international ill will that to deny it recognition in this Contest would be an equivocating and futile evasion of justice."

"Therefore, the judges in LIFE's Contest present to the members of the Congress this special, hand-illuminated award in lieu of a cash prize, with best wishes for a Happy War."

"As a Senator and an experienced drive orator, my services are at your disposal. Luckily, I have millions of lives to give for my country."

**THE
SENATOR**



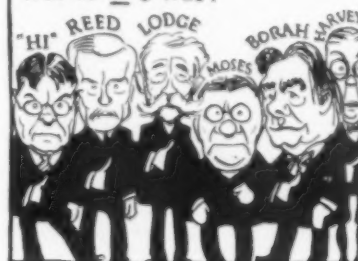
A copy of this award has been sent to every member of Congress. It is just possible that one or two of these distinguished gentlemen will read the document, and will promptly forward to the Editors of LIFE a package of seeds.

The Cash Customers

ALTHOUGH not in a class with the trouble-making possibilities of the action of Congress, the actual prize-winners seem to have caught the idea. As we announced before, the offer was made in all seriousness, with the idea of determining some of the most effective causes of war and bringing them to light. It was therefore necessary to discard arbitrarily all the thousands of answers which involved Mah Jong as a *casus belli*, and modestly

to overlook the flattering hundreds which insisted that to stop the publication of LIFE would bring about the biggest war in history. The predominating sentiment brought out in the suggestions was a strange cynicism on the part of the public (especially ex-

"If the matter had been left in our expert hands we'd have isolated this country into a war as is a war!"



service men) when dealing with the glories of war.

There seems to be a feeling abroad that some one was gypped in the last war. The words "national honor" and "civilization" appear in quotation marks in a large number of the replies, indicating an unaccountable iconoclasm stirring in the breasts of a notoriously reverent and docile people. Somehow one feels after reading several thousand of these suggestions that one of the old four-minute speeches, if pulled now, would be greeted with polite laughter. This is disturbing to those of us who had hoped to start another war before summer.

Honorable Mention

ASIDE from the four prize-winners in this contest, there were a number of plans submitted whose authors deserve special mention. They are:

Frank E. Evans (Lieut.-Col. U. S. Marines), Port au Prince, Haiti; Miss Louise Ayer, 1114 Bay St., Alameda, Calif.; Monroe Marblestone, 510 West 151st St., New York; Lionel J. Livesey, Siloam, Colo.; R. S. Underwood, Auburn, Ala.; John T. Ackerson, Closter, N. J.; Ernest F. Hubbard, 826 East 180th St., New York; Miss E. C. Parmenter, 17430 Woodford Ave., Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Brand, Box 1007, El Paso, Texas; Gilbert Seldes, 27 West 44th St., New York, and Donald Cary Williams, 1697 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.



"OH, DO YOU WRITE FOR MAGAZINES? I ADORE MAGAZINES."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May
1st

Up betimes, reminding Sam pointedly that the month is merry May, for albeit the rose may not yet be budding fain, my birthday is imminent, a fact of which I prefer him to be mindful without too much machination on my part. Reading in a publick print how Henry James had defined life as the predicament preceding death, I fell a-thinking about heaven, and what I should like it to be, and I decided upon a place where there was plenty of massage and cracked ice. The weather must always be fine, too, for rain's only charm is an audible one, and there is naught about tin roofs in the Book of Revelations... A telephone message from Marge Boothby summoning me straightway to her apartment on an unnamed matter of vital import, I did dash forth without ordering dinner, and when she opened the door herself, I did expect

either the worst or the best of tidings, but Lord! it was only that she had cut off her hair and wished me to be the first beholder, a doubtful privilege, methought, as I gazed upon her. And I did remind her of the duty to society which a woman with a certain sort of straight hair incurs when she shears it, and Marge took the "nor wind, nor rain" oath which is on the front of the Post Office in regard to visiting a waver regularly.



TIME AFTER TIME

May
2nd

My husband began this day by saying, Well, it's Friday, whereupon I enjoined him not to treat me to any Oscar Wilde dialogue at so unseemly an hour, but it was only that the end of the week reminded the poor wretch of green fields and babbling brooks, and he asked me to suggest a nearby inn where we could take our ease over the Sabbath. Such places are extinct, I replied, but the Joneses have asked us out there. Then he grew all a-twitter with fear that I had accepted, and was so comickal in his goings-on that I protracted his agony, for he was shouting, Of all the stupid people in this world! She bids on the left of a no-trump! Listening to that man's stories is like eating warmed-over vegetables! When they take you motoring, they point things out to you along the road! until I calmed him with the confession that I shared
(Continued on page 34)

The Inquiring War Editor

(Every day he asks thirteen war promoters picked at random a fighting question.)

To-day's Question

WHAT do you think of LIFE's Contest for a Bigger and Better War plan?

Where Put

Here and there, inclusive.

* * *

EDWARD BOK, defendant in lawsuit, Philadelphia.—I thought Levermore won that!

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, retired gas man, Doorn, Holland.—Wars are too big already. What we want is something small enough for one man to handle comfortably.

Gen. Ludendorff, monologist, somewhere in Germany.—*Gott strafe* Gibson!

Sergeant York, one-man standing army.—When they get it started bring it on. I eat anything.

George Creel, oil lease booster, Washington, D. C.—It's a great idea and will mean a lot to me if they put it over. I haven't wiped out a German submarine fleet in over seven summers. I must get into practice.

Mrs. Webster Woolfus, housewife, Little Neck, L. I.—Oh, another war!! Goody! Goody! Now I can start saving peach stones and calling sauerkraut "Liberty Cabbage" again.

Prof. Levermore, author, Brooklyn.—Great! Bigger and better wars will mean bigger and better peace prizes.

George Cohan, genius, Broadway.—I don't care who furnishes the wars if I can furnish the war songs.

Eugene V. Debs, Republican leader.—What! LIFE starting wars? Must be some mistake. You must mean the Magazine of Wall Street.

General Leonard Wood, father of financiers, Manila.—No wars interest me any more. No matter who starts 'em, they won't let me in.

Mustapha Kemal, darned good business man and better diplomat than was suspected, Turkey.—Wonderful idea. Keep me in touch with it so I can ar-



SYSTEM

First Stenographer: HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO THE BOSS ABOUT GETTING OFF EARLY?

Second Stenographer: NO, BUT I'M SURE HE'LL LET ME. THIS IS ONE OF HIS YES DAYS.

range to fight on the losing side and get everything my country wants at the peace conferences. To the loser belong the spoils!

Prince of Wales.—Bully! I shall join the cavalry at once so I can keep my ear close to the ground for new developments.

General Foch: I KNEW IT!

H. I. Phillips.

Topsy-Turvy

BEAUTY, to-day, is its own reward. Virtue is only skin-deep; People who live in glass houses Are judged by the company they keep!

Overheard at the Moron Club

"JUST what I've been telling you fellows all along, but you wouldn't listen. You go and get an amendment giving women the vote, and then what do they do?"

"Well, just what have they done?"

"Done everything. Here I've been putting my money in a cotton mill down in South Carolina that's paying me twenty per cent. dividends yearly, and now these infernal women busybodies are going to get a law so's the children can't work in factories. What's going to become of my dividends if children aren't allowed to work in the cotton mills?"

W. G.



AT THE GO-GETTERS' CONFERENCE

Satan: I SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN DOING WONDERFUL WORK LATELY. FINE! I CONGRATULATE YOU. KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT AND IF THE POLITICAL SITUATION EVER GETS TOO HOT FOR YOU, JUST COME DOWN HERE AND COOL OFF.

My Husband Says

THAT I can't drive a car successfully while gazing at the clouds, even if they *do* look like trailing chiffon.

And he says I must know something of the mechanism before I can get a license and I could never find my way anywhere, and, besides, he doesn't know of a single car that I could fix with a hairpin.

But I should prefer one that would seat two; I'd like to take my friends out. He says they are all conservative people and wouldn't care to take chances. But I know Mrs. Meek would love to. She says she is fully prepared to go at any time.

And I feel *sure* I could drive a *green* car; one can get such striking things to blend with green, and it wouldn't matter if I couldn't find the places I started for. There are stunning tea houses everywhere. And even if it were all smashed up it would be more attractive than the dark ones.

I learned to drive his midnight blue and it looked perfectly awful after it hit the truck. I was thrilled with excitement when they towed us to the garage.

My husband wasn't very enthusiastic about it. He said at last he had stood the acid test. But he really doesn't care much for swearing, anyhow.

He says it is a reflection on a man's vocabulary.

L. Blanche Simpson.

FOR some months to come many politicians will be trying to make hay while the favorite son shines.

The Letter

WHY need a lover write and write again

To tell how that poor heart which once was his
Is all your own—disdainful beauty!—when

You know it is?

He should not call you fair beyond applause

And say you are a dream, a pearl, a star,
A golden nymph, a budding rose—because
You know you are.

Then will he scrawl a hundred sheets and more

To praise, protest and vow with longing thrill?

He will, you rogue!—and you are happy, for
You know he will!

Arthur Guiterman.

Introducing—

THE cab drew up in front of the imposing marble mansion, and he jauntily alighted. Upon his swarthy, bronzed countenance there glowed the sparkle of health, and there was the vigor of youth in his stride. Leisurely climbing the steps, he rang the bell. The door was flung open a few seconds later.

"Taxi for Blotzwitter," he said.

THE Democratic donkey appears to be suffering from a shortage of bray matter.



Skippy: MAMA, YOU SHOULD BETTER COME IN TO BUDDY! HE'S PLASTERIN' BIG LUMPS OF BUTTER ON HIS POTATOES, JUST LIKE THE MINISTER.



Brother: MAMA, I HEARD THAT CRACK! TASTE THESE PERTATERS 'N' SEE IF THERE'S AS MUCH BUTTER AS THE MINISTER PUTS ON 'EM. NOTHIN' BUT PICKIN'! PICKIN'!
Mother: COME! COME! YOU BOYS ARE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES!



Brother: I TOOK NOTICE YA DIDN'T GET NO SATISFACTION!



Skippy: YOU HEARD MAMA SAY 'LET BYGONES BE BYGONES,' DIDN'T YA?

Skippy



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Skippy



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE dog doctor who examined Paderewski's dog said that because he had had too much soft food and not enough dog biscuit, his teeth were almost gone, and he could no longer eat such food as was good for him. The news about that dog was the piece in the paper that no one skipped, so probably all the Senators read it and may have been influenced by it to feel when they got the Japanese Ambassador's letter that it was up to them to show that they had not had too much soft food and their teeth were not gone yet. But one does not notice anywhere expressions of pride or undue satisfaction in their proceedings over the Japanese exclusion law. The exclusion has to be, but it is hard to find in the manner of it any advantage to anybody that deserves advantage.

It does not seem as though the Senate had learned the lesson of the war. When Ramsay MacDonald succeeded Lord Curzon in charge of British affairs he put aside the old-style diplomacy and began to talk man-to-man to Poincaré. He talked gently but with the utmost candor, telling France how England thought and felt about the things that France was doing, including her big military establishment and all that. The new-style discourse had good results. It got negotiations out of the rut. They ceased to be exchanges between lawyers and became communications between men. But at Washington, when the Japanese Ambassador sent his remonstrance to Mr. Hughes and talked about "gravest consequences" and Mr. Hughes sent it to the Senate, everything proceeded in the old-style manner. Nobody stepped around the corner to warn the Ambassador that he had used

technical language which would make trouble. There was no man-to-man talk about it at all—just an old-fashioned show of dignity and who's afraid?—with resulting consequences of irritation that seem wholly unnecessary.

The Japanese seem to have an inferiority complex which makes them morbidly sensitive. But no one who has sense thinks of them as an inferior race. As immigrants to these States they cannot be assimilated. The racial difference is too great. But there is no lack of admiration and respect for them as a people.

THE new Immigration Law is going to shut the door pretty tight. We won't like it very much. The idea of the United States as a refuge has been popular. It has helped to make us feel that we were of some use in this world. That is an agreeable feeling. If we build walls around the country we shall lose it. However, in the present state of human affairs it may be important that the United States should not take on a greater load of unattached humanity than it can carry. Happily it has occurred to no one yet to put the Immigration Law into the Constitution, so whatever is to be done can be undone soon if necessary.



IT is accepted now by the Republicans that Mr. Coolidge will be their candidate and suggestions come in about the rest of the ticket. General Charles Dawes, who has lately done a job in Europe, is proposed as a proper running-mate for Mr. Coolidge. Also General Pershing. Neither of these Generals seems likely to welcome the

proposal. General Pershing has an excellent job, which he likes and which likes him. Why should he give it up for a speculative employment like the Vice-Presidency? And why should an active business man like General Dawes care to subside into our least active great office? The man to run for Vice-President is somebody that is in the profession of politics, committed to that calling and willing to take it as it comes. When Mr. Coolidge became Vice-President he was working for small pay for the State of Massachusetts and living in a couple of rooms in Young's Hotel in Boston. For him the Vice-Presidency was a better job than the one he had. So it should be for any one who accepts it.



THE Democratic Convention is coming to New York, but the Methodist Conference has gone to Springfield. The honored Springfield *Republican* seems satisfied with this allotment. It says its city is "soon to be the center of one of the greatest and most important series of sessions in the history of religion and human welfare." Nobody has said as much as that about the Democratic Convention. Folks do not yet relate that so positively to human welfare. They think of it more as a sporting event. They want to be in town when the Convention is going on. They wonder whether the facilities for keeping the delegates dry will be adequate. They hope that tickets to the show are not going to be too expensive. But Springfield is satisfied with its prospect. Two thousand people will come to its conference and stay all through it. Twice as many more will stay for a shorter time. They will occupy eight hundred rooms besides what the hotels have and they are expected to spend a million and a half dollars.

IF you read the headlines in the papers you will be sure that the Reparations proposal will fail. The headlines have new reasons every day for that opinion.

But pay no attention to headlines! Their business is sensation. They are professional screechers whose job is to yell. Ostensibly they summarize the news they head. Actually they usually falsify it.

E. S. Martin.



"ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!"



The Vanish
"Come, now—I'll ma

• LIFE •



the Vanishing Sex
w—I'll match you for it."



Lots of Things

WHEN a thing is conceived and executed with the gigantic sincerity that is evident in every line of "Man and the Masses," one feels a little guilty at not being impressed by it to the point of swooning. And yet your correspondent not only was able to walk out of the theatre after the final curtain, but even bought a chocolate milkshake on the corner and hummed snatches from the score of "Sitting Pretty" on the way home.

We are not particularly proud of this indifference in the face of Ernst Toller's contribution of life's blood to his play, which under the name of "*Masse Mensch*" thrilled revolutionary Germany with its message in the days following the war, and yet there isn't much that can be done about it so far as we are concerned. We realized that here was a tremendous thing being unfolded before us, and we wondered when it would be eleven o'clock.

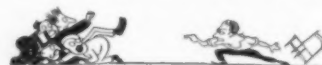


PART of the failure which always seems to be attendant on the production of ultra-impressionistic drama (of which "*Masse Mensch*" was the bell-cow) must lie in the fact that the transported author, in writing the directions for his spiritual stage-effects, does not take into consideration that they must be projected at the audience by very human agencies, such as ordinary men and women with ordinary larynxes, and ordinary stage properties which, no matter how skilfully handled, have only the customary three dimensions.



FOR instance, a group of what the author conceives as symbolic figures representing the spirit of the mob, speaking in awful unison in tones which through their transcendental quality should strike terror to the auditors' souls, turns out inevitably to be a group of supernumeraries, albeit carefully trained, who sound like the eighth grade reciting "O Captain! My Captain!" on Friday afternoon. A voice which the author fondly imagines is going to sweep out like a ghost's voice can, because of Nature's limitations on the human throat, resemble nothing so much as Uncle Bert trying to frighten the kiddies with what the Dreat Bid Bear said when he found all his porridge gone. It is no one's fault. It is just that a man must speak like a man, and can not simulate the tongue of angels or the voice of a Great National Movement.

Lee Simonson has done a remarkable piece of work with the production, but unfortunately Mr. Simonson, Miss Yurka, Mr. Ben-Ami and the entire cast are human beings, whereas Herr Toller had in mind several dozen Burning Bushes.



THE revival of "Leah Kleschna" is interesting historically as showing where most of our modern crook drama gets its stuff, but you don't get very far toward the edge of your seat, because you would be pretty sure of just what was going to happen even if you didn't see the original production twenty years ago.

An all-star cast, which includes William Faversham, Arnold Daly, Lowell Sherman, José Ruben, and Helen Gahagan, helps to make the affair a news event.



WE are unable to decide just how good "Cobra" would be if performed by another cast. We have a suspicion that it might be rather ham in spots. But as it stands it gripped us, and we don't care who knows it.

The material at first is not distinctive, but the work of Judith Anderson and Louis Calhern is. When, later on, the play itself turned out to have a kick and Ralph Morgan brought to bear his heart-breaking throat-work, we succumbed entirely to the spell. We once predicted that if Mr. Morgan ever had a rôle again that was half-way tragic we should be the first man in a New York audience to sob out loud. Well, he did, and we did. And, having come through clean in this prediction, we venture another about Miss Anderson and Mr. Calhern. You are going to hear more about them in the future, for they are very, very good. So good, in fact, that during their scene in the second act not a single cough was heard in the audience.



AT last the Equity Players have found, in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie," an American comedy which bids fair to bring them prestige and funds, both of which they needed. It is excellent and intelligent entertainment, and is handled quite as it should be by a cast which includes Chrystal Herne, Louise Closser Hale and Richard Sterling. Those managers who are planning to leave the field to Equity during the Convention month will have the fun of sitting on the curb and watching the crowds snap their money through the window for seats to "Expressing Willie" to swell the Equity coffers.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Ancient Mariner and **Georges Dandin**. *Princeton*—You can read them both at home and save the carfare.

Cheaper to Marry. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Walks and talks with Samuel Shipman. To-day's lesson: Marry the Girl; It Costs Less Money in the End.

Cobra. *Hudson*—Reviewed in this issue.

Cyran de Bergerac. *National*—Walter Hampden's splendid revival of one of the theatre's most thrilling romances.

The Dust Heap. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.

The Flame of Love. *Morisco*—To be reviewed next week.

Leah Kleschna. *Lyric*—Reviewed in this issue.

Man and the Masses. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Miracle. *Century*—A spectacle of incomparable beauty.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill in a clinic which contains some real drama.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—A play with an idea so exciting that it makes up for its few unworthy moments. If you are planning ever to die, you should see it.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in her perennial lesson to all of us. Incidentally, a grand play.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—The successive steps to martyrdom and sainthood, with Shaw as a guide and Winifred Lenihan as the Maid.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Not our favorite play.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—Showing that the wages of sin are just about the same in the backwoods as in the city.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—A moving account of the coming of patriotism to the untutored mind.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—In two weeks this will be two years old, on which anniversary we commit suicide.

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—A delicious dream-satire on things in general, with Roland Young as the dreamer.

Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

Fashion. *Greenwich Village*—Early nineteenth century comedy, played with hilarious effect as it was originally played.

Fata Morgana. *Lyceum*—The way of a woman in her thirties with a youth in his teens, shown with embarrassing skill by Emily Stevens.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—Here come the children! Better than most alarmist plays about the Young Folks.

Helena's Boys. *Henry Miller's*—Mrs. Fiske in one of her less worthy vehicles. Also about the Boys and Girls.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland being determinedly funny as a harassed super-wife.

Nancy Ann. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Not very important, but Francine Larrimore gives it a certain vitality.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in a loudly entertaining farce.

The Pottery. *Plymouth*—A series of vividly real scenes from the home life of the domestic American, with a notable performance by Donald Meek.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Characterization and simple dialogue in a combination which impresses us as one of the best plays we have ever seen.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Sophisticated dirt, done with great finesse by an excellent cast.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in what we mean by "high comedy."

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—English stars in the best revue of the season.

The Chiffon Girl. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Not much except Eleanor Painter's voice.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Just the thing for Eddie Cantor.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Kept up by one song hit.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Pleasing music and Ada-May.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson and plenty of tunes.

Mr. Battling Butler. *Times Square*—Not one of the best, but one of the most successful.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Irving Berlin's music, lots of scenery, and Dr. Frank Tinney.

Paradise Alley. *Casino*—Only fair.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields and Luella Gear in one of the stand-bys.

Sitting Pretty. *Fulton*—Very nice indeed; including Queenie Smith.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—The Fred Stones in a family triumph.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney is cute.

Vogues. *Shubert*—A couple of genuine comedians, Jimmy Sava and Fred Allen, in a generally good revue.

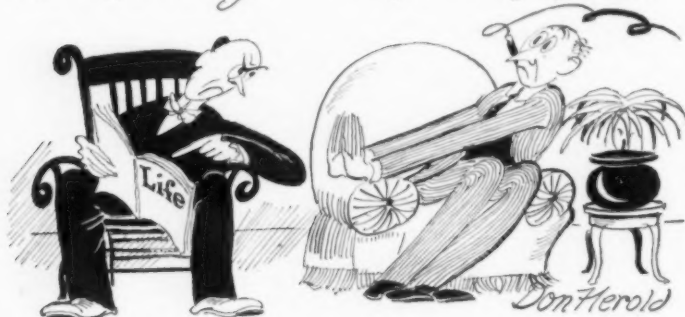
Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fanny Brice and one or two new features in much the same as before.



LIONEL ATWILL IN "THE OUTSIDER"

*Here are some
inside facts about
the waffle industry*

*Don't read 'em to me!
I can't have these big industries
always breaking my heart.*



The Waffle Industry and the Waffle Dollar

By Don Herold

THE waffle industry is one of those industries about which you might go along forever knowing nothing if information were not forced upon you.

In fact, the public has many misconceptions about the waffle industry, as it has about so many things of which it knows nothing. So the North American Waffle Casters' Association has employed me to attempt to replace these misconceptions with a lot of new misconceptions a little tiny bit more favorable to the waffle industry.

In the first place, how do you think the waffle dollar is divided?

Your rough guess would probably be that there is ninety or ninety-five cents profit in every waffle dollar. Well, you are a mile off.

There is exactly twelve cents loss—loss, not profit—to the waffle industry in every dollar that you pay them for waffles.

Let us analyze the waffle dollar and see if we cannot prove the above assertion by some hook or crook.

Sixty-seven cents of every waffle dollar goes for the chief ingredient of waffles, which is billposters' paste. That is how seventy-five cents of the waffle dollar goes. This may seem high, but you can verify these figures by going up to any billposter and asking him for seventy-five cents' worth of waffle paste. You may think you are getting a good deal for your money at the time, but just wait until you have carried it home and reduced it to waffles. Then your heart will begin to go out to the waffle industry.

Transportation eats up another twenty cents. Rent, forty-four cents. Gas, thirteen cents. Light, ten cents. Labor, eighty-five cents. Returned waffles, thirty-nine cents. So you can see how the waffle dollar is dissipated.

To add to the difficulties of the waffle manufacturers, the waffle market is disagreeably seasonal. Some people will not buy waffles in cold weather and some will not buy waffles in hot weather. This spreads the production of waffles over the entire year and makes it about even—which is the most uneconomic condition under which any

product can be fabricated, as every manufacturer knows.

So, when next you buy a waffle, do not think that you are doing anybody a favor. Think of the pains and pangs that have been put into that waffle to make it please your palate. And remember that the waffle casters are losing exactly twelve cents out of every dollar that you spend with them, and that they would much prefer that you never bought another waffle as long as you lived.

It is a question how long the waffle industry can last on such a small margin.

The Blessing of Newspapers

I DON'T know what I'd do without newspapers—

I cover everything in the attic with them.

I lie on them when I tinker with my car.

I occasionally have to use them for wrapping paper.

I start fires with them in the yard.

I put them on the chairs that I have to stand on.

I save the floors with them.

I have use for them a hundred times a day.

I keep them for the Salvation Army.

I advertise in them.

I guess that's all.

Thank God for the printed word!

Edmund J. Kiefer.



"THAT BIG ONE'S THE ONE YOU HAD A-HOLD OF TWICE AND CAME BACK TO GET."



Polite Bandit: PARDON ME, SIR, BUT HAVEN'T I HELD YOU UP BEFORE?

Weary Victim: WELL, I CAN'T SAY I RECOGNIZE THE FACE, BUT YOUR GUN LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR.

Lins to H3sther

(Composed on a New Typewriter)

YOUR praises the pæons of dAWN PRoclaim,
WHERE the cearliest robinS SEQqester;
Alll Nature shall join in pronounouncing your name,
Fair He8thr— no, H\$thEr— no, hesthe%!

(The old-fashioned QUill I have laid on the shelf;
Need i add I AM typing these lyrics mySLF?)

I WOULD that my lips could derscribe you the r9se
or the viloet hid in the hollows?
The flpwrs that blvum in the \$pring, tra l@,
Or rather, that 8loOm in the springtr— O' pshaw,
IT8s quicker to rite them as follwos:

¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ %
% ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ %
¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ % ¢ %

(If that doesn't go for a FLOWering vine,
It should make an attractive linolYum design.)

I CANNnnnot descirbe what isdeep in kour eyes,
AS BLUE as the heavens ABove you;
There are j6ust threec words thatmy lips devise:
i only can say: "8 #9'3 697 !"
(i pressed the FIG key, the meachine did the rest;
BUT The sentiments there, if it isn8t expressed!)

ccCorey foRD %

In a Café

AT a corner table in the little café, Femininity sat and gazed coyly over her fan. Nearby were Egotism and Logic.

"Ah!" cried the former. "She's flirting with me."

"Nonsense!" replied Logic. "She means me. I can prove it to you."

And the two began a long, tiresome argument. Whereupon, Action, who had just entered, bowed politely to Femininity, and, escorting her to the door, drove off with her in a taxi through the park of Adventure.



WAITING FOR DAZE TO COME



"BEHOLD THIS DREAMER!" by Fulton Oursler (Macaulay), is a novel based on the peculiar prerogatives of genius. The idea seems to have been throughout the ages that if a man has a vision in his soul he cannot be expected to have much conformity in his head. One good Madonna covers a multitude of its creator's sins. The bust and coin outlast a good deal of wife-baiting as well as the throne and Tiberius.

Of course the *Stricker* family, *Charley Turner's* in-laws, were the commonplace sort of people designed to drive a man of artistic sensibilities into distraction. At the same time, there is a good deal to be said for the *Strickers*. Even if old *John* was the kind of man who read all his mimeographed mail and pulled platitudes from the Rotary Club folders as originals, he paid twenty-five dollars a week to his "good-for-nothing" son-in-law, who, when he should have been making out bills, was balancing a window pole on his nose and juggling oranges. *Clara*, *Charley's* drudging wife, had some cause for exasperation when *Charley* overlooked assisting her with the supper dishes and retired to his room to play the ocarina.

But that is not the point. *Charley* was a genius. He had a dream to which he must hold. He loathed his father-in-law's brush factory, and thought only about painting pictures or making songs. He wasn't sure which he really wanted to do and he had no training in either direction. He had stepped out a bit with a young interior decorator in his search for his dream woman, but her lip-stick had come off on his lips the first time he kissed her, and that was the end of that. *Venus* was dead. *Aphrodite* was at the bottom of the sea. All women to-day were alike—he was through with them. Imagine *Helen of Troy* powdering her nose!

When some of these reflections were communicated to the *Stricker* family,

it was inevitable that, in view of the actions with which *Charley* accompanied them, they should eventually pick out a nice little cell for him in a quiet institution. And here comes the delightful part of the book. *Charley* feels at home in the lunatic asylum for the first time in his life in the company of the four "intellectuals" who elect him, after

you feel you can never forgive him. It is rather disconcerting, after reading along breathlessly for two hours, to have an author turn about suddenly, make a few grimaces, and extricate himself neatly from every tangle in which he has involved himself without a shot being fired or a drop of blood shed, when you have been counting on both. How-

ever, as he couldn't very well do anything else, I suppose he must be forgiven.

"White Stacks" is an English country house comedy, lighter than air, but brisk. All about what a breezy young man with a public-school patter did to a peaceful village. I thought at first from the title that it was a gambling story, especially as there is a foreword on the roulette system worked by the young man in one of the scenes, and I was astonished to discover that "White Stacks" is the name of the house itself. The author doesn't want the "system" which he describes to prove a delusion and snare to any of his readers. Neither do I. Its results are too piking.



Parr: FAIRWAYS ARE IN GREAT SHAPE THIS SPRING, AREN'T THEY?

Dubbin: HOW THE — SHOULD I KNOW!

trial, to membership in their group. They are the first people who understand him. All men of cultivation, they recognize his spark. One of them teaches him to paint, and in the end they arrange his escape and finance his start in New York as an art student.

That will be about enough for the present. At this point I consign the denouement of the story to your own discovery. If you press on, you will be in the luncheon room of the Algonquin Hotel before you know it.

IN the last few pages of "White Stacks" (Houghton Mifflin), William Hewlett plays a trick for which

you feel you can never forgive him. It is rather disconcerting, after reading along breathlessly for two hours, to have an author turn about suddenly, make a few grimaces, and extricate himself neatly from every tangle in which he has involved himself without a shot being fired or a drop of blood shed, when you have been counting on both. How-

"PHRYNE," by Frederic Arnold Kummer (Dorrance), is a book of three short plays, but my reaction to it was gastronomic rather than dramatic. Amongst the expository *Italic* of "Finer Clay," the second play, is embedded the statement, "Six days of semi-starvation have somewhat emaciated him." It is going to be pretty difficult to get any overweight readers to fall for that.

Diana Warwick.

To Bertha

BBROAD-EYED, gentle, serene and brave,

What more can any one ask
Who loves a hound and loves a horse
Up to its given task?

How I love the day when it comes your turn!

When you and I together
Start off at morn to hunt the fox,
And little reck the weather.

The man in the tack room has done his job,
Saddle and reins are soft,
And oh! how I smile through your pointed ears,
When I'm safely and firm aloft.

Wrinkle your nose and twitch your back,
The day is fine and fair,
And you will carry me, bless your soul,
From cast to foxes' lair.

I loved you the very first time I set
My eyes on your gorgeous self,
With your splendid back, your power and sense,
Yet a touch of the wicked elf.

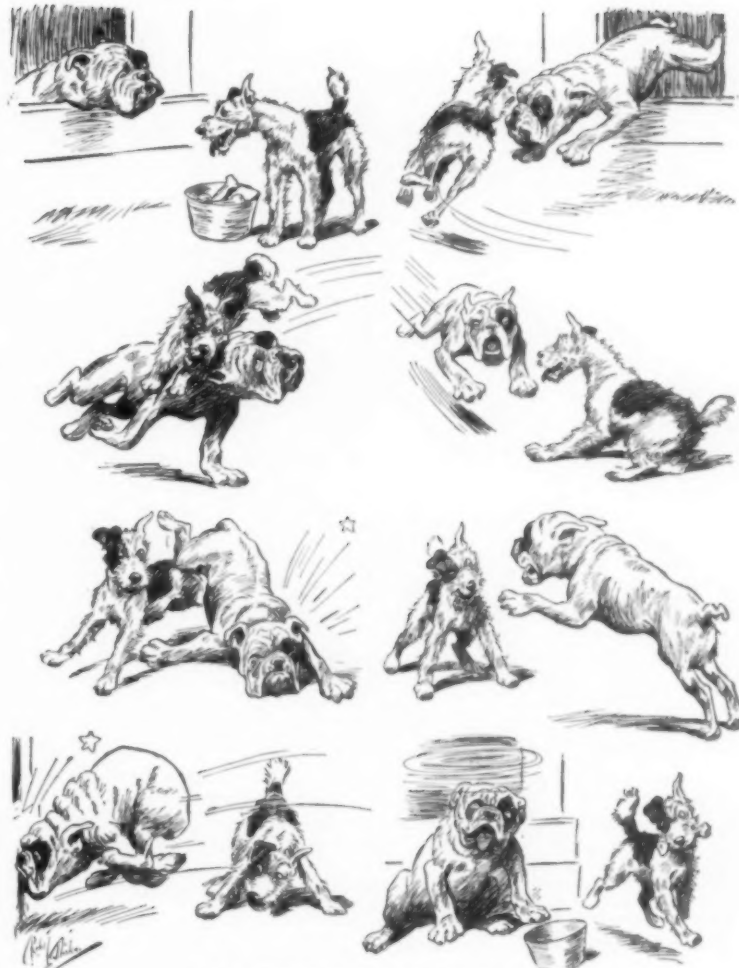
You were young when, I tried you, and
tried you hard,
But boldly you stood the test—
Since then I've known, whenever I ask,
You will give of your very best.

Just think of the hunting we've had, you scamp;
Do you blame me for rubbing your neck?
I've asked you to tackle some pretty tough jobs,
And you've never pulled even a peck.

You're just coming six, with your future ahead;
Be your motto: "Always to win,
To gallop and jump, but don't jump the 'out'
Till you've carefully managed the 'in.'" *John G. Milburn, Jr.*

No Visible Means of Support

I SAW a wonderful balancing act in Washington the other day.
"What was that?"
"The Senate was standing on its dignity."



THE ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

Fables for Farmers

AN Accidental Incumbent, who desired to retain his exalted position as dispenser of wisdom and justice, was approached by a Nebraska peasant, who made moan of his sorry plight. "Hear me, O King, I mean O Mighty One," he stammered; "I am sore burdened with tithes and charges that bring my labor to naught. Much have I striven and greatly produced, yet it availeth me nothing, for all the profits go to the taxgatherer, the usurer, and the toll-taker upon the iron highway. Help me or I perish."

"Truly thou hast picked the one Best Bet," beamed the Exalted Icicle, "for my specialty is handing out hefty chunks of Free Advice. Consider now, go thy way, and apply thyself to labor

more diligently, so that at harvest time thy abundance will be even greater than before. Then, mayhap, there will be returned to thee out of the wealth thou hast produced some small store of our bounty. And say, Abijah, don't forget to throw a vote or two for the old reliable Farmer's Friend, when election day comes round."

W. G.

Moderately Lucky

WIFE: How many fish did you catch?

HUSBAND: Oh, enough so I don't have to lie.

THERE'S nothing sure in politics but censure.



"The Enchanted Cottage"

EMOTION in its tenderer and subtler forms is hard to photograph. Thus, when we speak of "emotional acting" on the screen, we inevitably refer to the violent variety—the chest-thumping, sob-heaving, passionate sort.

"The Enchanted Cottage" concerns itself entirely with the devastating emotion which is known as love; it shows that love may alter the superficial, physical aspects of life, may discover beauty in apparent ugliness. It is the story of two people who love each other, and who are transformed by that love. It is emotional in the extreme.

And yet "The Enchanted Cottage" is almost entirely devoid of those histrionic pyrotechnics that are ordinarily associated with emotional drama. Richard Barthelmess appears as a British youth, twisted and torn in the war, who marries a painfully homely spinster and becomes, in her infatuated eyes, the stalwart, upstanding fellow of his pre-war days. In the same manner, he converts her into a vision of loveliness.

NOT once in the course of this quiet and rather sad story does Mr. Barthelmess spur his emotions to a gallop. With subdued but potent effort he conveys a sense of tremendous stress. Equally commendable is the performance of May McAvoy as the spinster. She contributes much to the general wistfulness—in her make-up, which is amazing, and in her sympathetic realization of the rôle.

The general worth of "The Enchanted Cottage" is largely due to the direction of John S. Robertson; it is the best thing he has done since "Sentimental Tommy" and is, indeed, comparable with that fine picture in many respects. Mr. Robertson's methods are remarkably gentle. He never drives home his points with a sledge-hammer. His touch is light and gracious.

It was just such intelligent treatment

that "The Enchanted Cottage" required; I shudder to think what might have happened to it at other hands.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model"

THE perfect antithesis of "The Enchanted Cottage" is presented in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." The distance between these two pictures could not possibly be computed in terms of linear measure. From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand is a commuter's jump by comparison.

Nevertheless, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" is good, too—good, that is, in its way. It pretends to be no more than wild, rapid-fire, hit-or-miss melodrama of the most ancient and hokish variety; and melodrama it is. You may approach it with the patronizing eye of one who is above these things, but your studied superciliousness will not survive the seven reels. You will be having too much trouble keeping your vertebrae from shaking loose.

I have seen many young ladies chained to many railroad tracks in my time, and never once have I known one to be mutilated, or even scratched. It has been brought home to me on numerous occasions that a railroad train (metallic and insensible though it may

seem) has a profound respect for virtue and innocence as personified in movie heroines, and that the girl is really in no danger whatsoever. But when the blond *Nellie* was placed in this predicament on the elevated tracks, I raised a mental row of block signals to check the career of approaching doom.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" is far from stimulating to the intellect—but it is certainly effective for purposes of thrill.

"Three Weeks"

THE phoniest love story ever told has been made once more into a movie, and although it is better as drama than it has any right to be, it is still "Three Weeks."

This novel, as composed by the unpardonable Glyn, stirred the world fifteen years ago, and earned a vast reputation and considerable cold cash. But times have changed since then (for which let devout thanks be rendered). What was considered daringly off-color in distant 1909 is positively bromidic today.

Thus, the voltage generated by "Three Weeks" is feeble when measured by present standards. The old dynamo has lost its kick.

IT must be conceded that the producers of "Three Weeks" have done remarkably well by it. They have equipped it with a good cast, they have mounted it gorgeously, and they have added sequences to the original story which heighten its interest materially.

But all this well-administered gloss can not hide the base metal beneath. "Three Weeks" never, at any stage of its spectacular career, possessed literary merit. Its sole claim to distinction was its radical immorality.

Now even that has been lived down. Sex is no longer sensational; it is old stuff. A healthy sign—if you ask me.

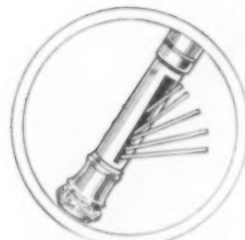
Robert E. Sherwood.



RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE"



[1] Rifled tip now perfected. Tiny relief spaces between the lead-gripping teeth positively prevent clogging or jamming. Still the lead is held firmly at the point.



[2] Extra leads accessible immediately. New lead can be drawn from magazine instantly. You can see how many sticks you have and how much is left of the one you are using.



[3] For quick loading. Diagram shows trigger which releases plunger when lead is used up. One pull—insert lead—one push—a turn. That's all.

The pencil—is now perfected

Eversharp has written its way round the world.

And now comes the new Perfected Wahl Eversharp. Six new features raise this into a superior, the supreme writing companion.

When you put the New Wahl Eversharp to paper there is the same feeling of a positively gripped lead that first made Eversharp the world's finest pencil. And now the rifled tip, an exclusive Eversharp feature, is perfected!

No more clogged tips! Diagram No. 1 and description explain why clogging or jamming is now impossible. The New Perfected Eversharp is an absolutely efficient, beautiful pencil you can be proud of for its looks and good work.

Study the new Wahl Eversharp features. See

how we have eliminated every mechanical pencil fault. In addition to the improvements illustrated, the clip has been made stronger and better, the eraser can be changed instantly, and every part is replaceable.

Eversharp dealers everywhere especially invite you to try this new perfected pencil—now!

The price ranges are the same—from \$3 to \$10 for gold-filled or sterling silver pencils. But you can buy Wahl Eversharps from \$1 to \$50.

Unconditionally Guaranteed

The New Perfected Eversharp is guaranteed against faulty operation of any kind, from any cause whatever. All dealers are authorized to replace free of charge any part or parts that fail to operate to your entire satisfaction.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

The NEW PERFECTED WAHL EVERSHARP



The Affirmative Method

A Kansas City man wrote to a Washington expert inquiring what to do about the dandelions on his lawn, and received this reply: "Learn to love them." He is trying the theory out, but not with much confidence, having already tested it pretty thoroughly on his wife's relatives.

—Kansas City Star.

Evangelical Note

Somebody in Stonington, Conn., broke into the G. A. R. hall and stole a Bible, a flag and a sword. A recent convert to 100 per cent. Americanism.

—Keene Evening Sentinel.

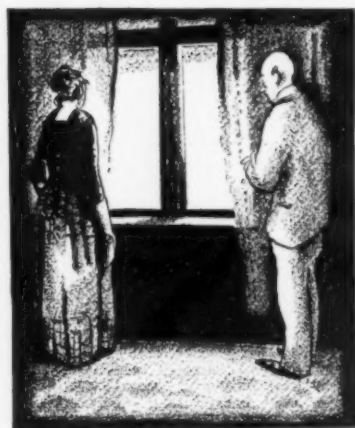
His Business Card

"How did that fellow get into the boss' private office?"

"Threw a cork over the transom."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SIMILE—As durable as a garment you never did like.—Ohio State Journal.



"JOHNSON JUST WENT TO TOWN TO HAVE HIS X-RAY PICTURE TAKEN."

"I WONDER IF WE'RE GOING TO GET ONE."

—Söndags-Nisse (Stockholm).

A Faithless Husband

From a letter received by a mail-order house:

"The enclosed articles have proven unsatisfactory to my wife, who, I regret to inform you, is very hard to please. I notice they are entirely as represented in the catalogue and also just what was ordered, so it is no fault on your part. My wife is naturally very trying at times. Sometimes she does not know what she does want. I am thoroughly disgusted with the way my wife finds fault with things, especially when she receives exactly what she orders."

—Boston Herald.

Failure of the Soft Answer

BELLIGERENT PERSON (after the fight): An' 'oo are you larfin' at?

THE MILD ONE: Me! I ain't larfin'.

"Then put yer fice straight."

"It is straight."

"Ho—is it! Then just you bend it."

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

NEW YORK has a blond, bobbed-haired bandit. She is right in style as a blonde, and in having bobbed hair and in being a bandit.—Detroit News.

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For street and sport—imported new India crepe sole, resilient, trim and cool

WHEN ALL outdoors challenges you to extra miles in the open, you can slip into a pair of sport Bostonians and take those extra miles "on your toes." Bostonians for sport are shaped to your foot, with all the informal snap that today's outdoor styles dictate.

BOSTONIANS

\$7 to

BOSTONIANS
SHOES
for
MEN

\$10

WHEREVER YOU

SEE THIS SIGN

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER CO.

BOSTON AND WHITMAN, MASS.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.



NERVE STRAIN

THE high pressure, mile-a-minute life of today, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety grief and trouble, is WRECKING THE NERVES of mankind. This applies especially to the people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain?

Read "Nerve Force," a 64-page book on the care of the nerves. This book is a startling revelation to people with sensitive or deranged nerves. It has aided many thousands to gain control of their nerves and build up their Nerve Force. Price 25c. postpaid. (Coin or Stamps.)

What Readers of "Nerve Force" Say:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

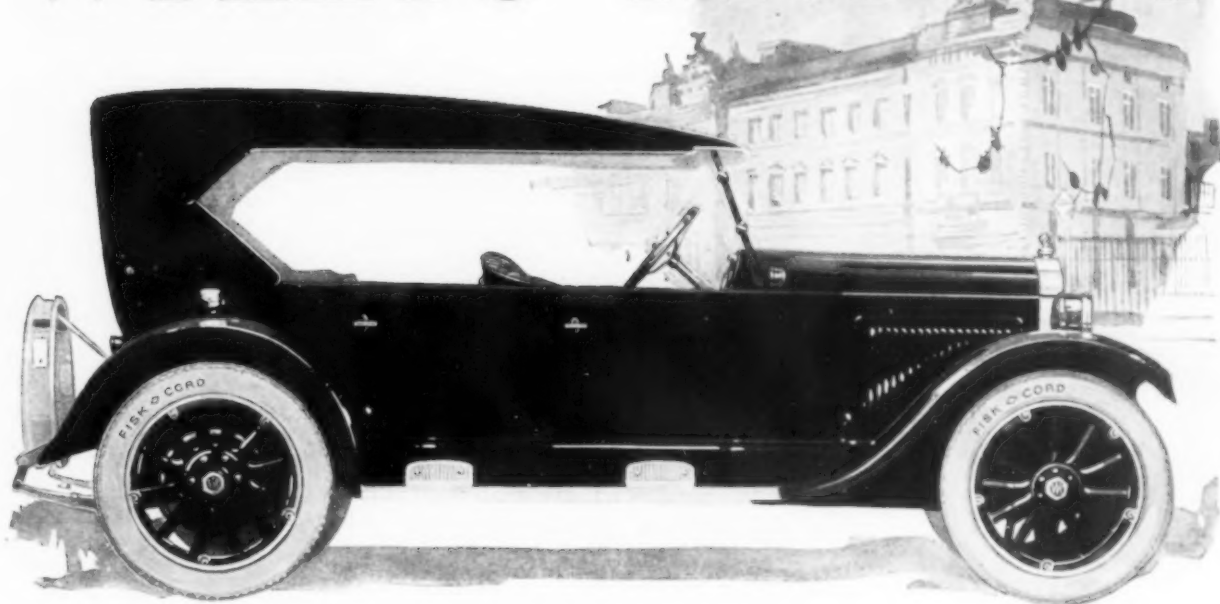
A physician says: "Your book is the most sensible and valuable work I have ever read on the prevention of neurasthenia. I am recommending your book to my patients."

"Reading your book has stopped that dreadful feeling of FEAR which paralyzed my stomach and digestion."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time!" Write to PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Studio 270, 110 W. 40th St., New York City.

WILLYS-KNIGHT



You Want to Keep It!

When you own a sweet-running Willys-Knight you own a car you want to keep. As the days and weeks and months slip by, you are amazed and delighted to find yourself in possession of an engine that actually *improves* with use.

Any number of Willys-Knight owners have reported 50,000 miles and more without any tinkering with the engine. No valves to grind. No carbon cleaning. Carbon only increases compression. This engine is quieter, smoother, more powerful at 15,000 miles than when new.

All these benefits are due to the very simplicity of the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve principle. For simplicity means longer life—fewer parts to need repairs.

Money's worth means mileage. And mileage means a Willys-Knight. Mileage, plus absolute freedom from clicking valves and hammering cams. Freedom, plus the pride and satisfaction of owning a car you want to keep, season after season.

No Willys-Knight engine has ever been known to wear out.

Willys-Knight Models: 2-pass. Roadster \$1175; 5-pass. Touring \$1195; 7-pass. Touring \$1325; 5-pass. Coupe-Sedan (Standard \$1450, De Luxe \$1550); 5-pass. Sedan \$1695 (De Luxe \$1895); 7-pass. Sedan \$1995; all prices f.o.b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

THE DAY OF THE KNIGHT IS HERE

**You're sure
to like the package
and very apt
to like the cigarette**

Everyone prefers a handle on his coffee cup, but not everyone prefers the same blend of coffee.

Similarly, when we talk to you as an individual we can be reasonably certain that you will like the obvious advantages of the new Reedsdale Cigarette package; but your liking for the cigarette, we must recognize, will depend upon your personal taste.

We feel warranted in urging you to try Reedsdale Cigarettes, however, because of the high percentage of smokers who have tried them and expressed a preference for them. And because we



know that they are made of unusually fine tobaccos, blended with expert skill. Getting back to the package again, here is a little pocket humidor if you please, keeping your cigarettes in perfect condition and form, no matter how much you move around, bump against things, or jam them in overcrowded pockets.

It is somewhat of a revelation to a man with his first package of Reedsdales to shake out cigarette after cigarette as he needs them, every one perfect to the last. No broken, bent, or crushed ones—no disreputable-looking tail-enders to offer his friends.

Not Tricky—Just Sensible

The cigarettes are first enclosed in an inner double wrapper of foil paper and paraffin paper; this goes inside the outer box, which is rigid but light and "comfortable" to carry; the top end of this box is fitted with a newly invented flap arrangement by which the cigarettes may be shaken out at will, yet are prevented from falling out while the package is in the pocket.

Hundreds of men have tried the Reedsdale Cigarette because the new package appealed to them—and then found that they had discovered a smoke more enjoyable than they had before known. That may be coming in by the back door, but it's a pretty good door at that.

♦ ♦

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 114 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

**OUR FOOLISH
CONTEMPORARIES**



A Happy Application

The Frenchman's purse was so reduced that when a young English girl consented to show him the sights of London they were obliged to limit the program to her shopping and the British Museum.

When tea-time drew near he resolutely declared that he wanted nothing, but she must have tea, of course. So they ordered tea—for one. Sensing his predicament, she hazarded, "I must pay for tea, you know."

"Oh, but that would not do at all," he declared. "In France it is not so. No gentleman would permit it."

"Oh, it is quite correct," she said. And then, suddenly inspired, she added: "In England we have a saying, 'The woman always pays.'"

—Tit-Bits (London).

Overinsured

An insurance agent was trying to convince a prospective customer of the merits of life insurance. He kept right at him.

At one stage of the battle, the agent used this argument:

"Why," he said, "insurance is the greatest thing in the world. No man should be without it. I even carry a \$50,000 policy, payable to my wife."

"It's too much," said the harassed prospect. "What excuse can you give her for living?"—Houston Post.

Waisting Disease

"Mrs. Podgers is dreadfully afraid of embonpoint," remarked Mrs. Gadsley to her caller.

"That's a terrible disease," returned the other woman. "My favorite aunt had it and the poor thing just wasted away."—Boston Transcript.

So Soon?

"Miss Fawn Lippincut says she wouldn't marry th' best man what ever lived, but we didn' suppose she wuz over twenty-five."

—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

Sure Relief

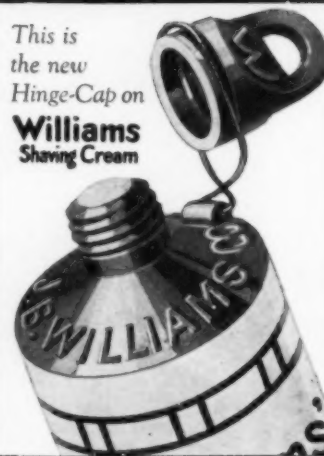


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FOR INDIGESTION**
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is
the new
Hinge-Cap on
**Williams
Shaving Cream**



It can't get lost It can't get lost



"I HEAR JOE PUT THE SKIDS UNDER YOU
FOR TWO SETS THIS MORNING!"

"IT WASN'T Joe, THE BIG STIFF—IT WAS
THAT NEW DAYTON STEEL RACQUET HE'S
JUST STARTED USING." —Abe.

**An Easy Way to
Remove Dandruff**

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

The Political Career of Charles Smith

CHARLIE SMITH, the town recorder, Always worked for law and order. Citizenship, said he, of course meant Deep regard for strict enforcement. In fact, he did his level best To make himself a public pest.

Last fall old Charlie said, "Now I Shall run for Congress as a Dry, And I shall see that things are done Correctly down in Washington." And so we sent him there to make A few more laws for us to break.

R. E. S.

It Works Perfectly

It was the third week of the great tax investigation. The attorney rose to his feet and announced:

"Your Honor, my next witness has been brought forth at great expense. Call the Average Citizen."

A man of uncertain age, attired in a quiet suit of ready-made clothes, advanced to the bar and held up his hand to be sworn.

JUDGE (*impatiently*): Not that hand; the right hand. Don't you know your right hand from your left?

ATTORNEY: Just take the witness chair. No, not that one, the other. *Sit down.* Now just tell the Court what you know of this matter.

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Why—er—that is—nothing.

ATTORNEY: What! Aren't you the one concerned?

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Why, I guess so—that is, I've never thought about it.

ATTORNEY: But you're the one who pays the bills?

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Oh, yes, of course.

ATTORNEY: And you control the government?

(*Silence.*)

JUDGE (*sternly*): Come, come, answer the question.

ATTORNEY (*impatiently*): Answer the question. Yes or no?

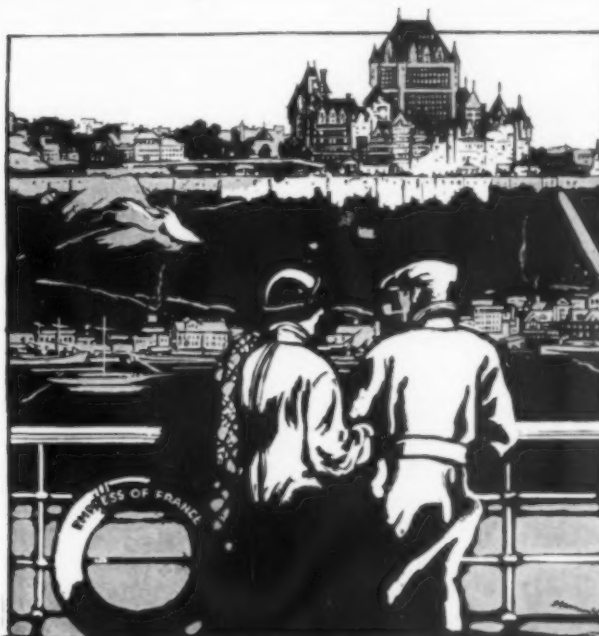
AVERAGE CITIZEN: Yes—er—that is, no.

ATTORNEY: Now what do you mean by that?

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Well, you see, I can't attend to everything, so I select assistants to do things for me; for instance, I select politicians to run the government for me, and these politicians select the politicians I'm to select to make the laws, and these laws determine the number of politicians I'm to have to run the government and how much to pay them. But I keep a line on these politicians by reading newspapers run by politicians who tell me what is going on, and what politicians to select.

ATTORNEY: Why don't you give this your personal attention?

THE
CANADIAN
PACIFIC
HOTEL
ATOP
OLD QUEBEC



BIENVENUE À QUEBEC

Here is history's shrine!

The romance of old Quebec is the romance of America... Here France began a New World Empire, in 1608. Here struggled great Frenchmen, great Englishmen, great Americans. The forts they built, the houses they occupied, the town they coveted—all are still here... But now has risen a crowning glory—Chateau Frontenac. A modern hotel—yet also a reliquary of history. There's a series of historic stained glass windows—a model of the ship that brought Quebec's founders. Historic figures and periods are perpetuated in its rooms. You dwell in utmost hotel luxury—yet, also in the living romance of America's beginnings. Reserve at Canadian Pacific, 342 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York, 71 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Canada.

Greater CHATEAU FRONTENAC

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Why, I'm kept too busy earning taxes to pay the politicians to have any time to devote to such matters. I let them go along as I have told you. It sounds complicated when I try to explain it; but it's really quite simple, and it works perfectly.

C. M. G.



Safe
Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations



This Habit

Insures sweet breath

Countless dainty people carry May Breath tablets with them. Before any close contact they eat one, and it gives to the breath a spring odor.

Bad breath has many causes. Cigars or cigarettes, decaying food, unhealthy gums, certain foods, a stomach disorder. With some it is common, with others occasional.

Whatever the cause, a May Breath tablet instantly combats it—whether in the mouth or stomach. It substitutes the odor of purity.

Carry May Breath with you to be safe. Whenever you dance or talk with people, eat one. Then your other charms will be enhanced by a breath like spring.

This dainty practice will become a habit when you try it once.

May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

May Breath is not yet available for Canadian Distribution

10-CENT BOX FREE

Insert your name and address, mail to
MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-86, 1104 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO
And a box will be sent you free.

For Tough Beards or Tender Skins

YOU will find delightful relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard, but more than that—it prevents all shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and actually heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin with a soft, cool lotion effect. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50c for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Made particularly for a tender skin

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
438 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.



"We Want Bigger and Better Wars"

(The winning plans in the War Contest will be found on pages 10 and 11. Two belated comments on the Contest follow.)

The Little Daisy War Plan

Start the Cannon Ball Rolling Right!

STATESMEN! Muscular Christians! Jingoes! Do you have trouble starting your wars? Are you timid, embarrassed, NOT SURE OF YOURSELVES? You need not be. Our method shows you how to make GREAT WARS NOW! Quick results, big profits. Send no money—just fill out coupon and ask for handy vestpocket booklet, "The Little Daisy War Plan." Here are some of the big, inspiring chapter headings:

Strict Enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. Tells how to goad the Hun to desperate reprisals.

Japanese Exclusion. A sure way to incur the hatred of our little yellow friends.

Perpetual Non-Recognition of Russia. A dandy scheme to make Moscow fight instead of doing business.

Espionage Amendment to the Constitution. Just the thing to keep anybody from interfering with good, sound war propaganda. Exactly what you want.

Fumigated Histories. Original formulas by the famous alchemists, Metternich and Wilhelm II. No fact discreditable to U. S. A.

The Compleat Tourist. Peppy, he-man chapter on how to train travelers to boast that "the Yanks won the war" and "one American can lick any five damned foreigners."

Our Slogan: "A Chip for Every Shoulder!"

Address: Little Daisy War Plan Corp., Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C.
EDWARD E. PARAMORE, JR.
1612 Vista del Mar St.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Official!

Hdqs., God-Bless-You-Boys Battalion,
Dept. of Wish-We-Were-With-You-ers.
April 1, 1924.

FROM: Former Lieutenant Infantry.
TO: Commanding Officer, LIFE.
SUBJECT: War.

1. When you have Gone-Over-the-Top with your campaign for Bigger and Better Wars, I respectfully suggest that you turn your attention to the lilies of the field, many of which are sadly in need of gilding. I learn, also, that a shipment of very fine gold has reached the Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C., and that bids will soon be received for refining it.

2. I have been busily engaged, as per assignment, A. G. O. 17, April 1, 1923, Par. 4-A, for the last year making a study of David Belasco's study of the rainbow, report on which has been forwarded to Camouflage Section. Previous to that, for a considerable time, Q. M. C. G. O. 9, Nov. 11, 1918, I devoted all my efforts to alleviating the dreadful poverty among Profiteers-Who-Lost-All-in-the-War-to-End-War. I am, however, at your service for the moment, Acts of Congress and Providence, Approved April 1, 1924.

3. May I suggest to you that the only drawback to war is the absence of those refinements which make our



winter?
no JULY!

WHAT are they sitting on? Mount Victoria. Where are they going? Down—a mile a minute. Who's that in front? The Swiss guide. Who's that laughing hardest, feeling youngest—the one who ate all the bacon—and slept under six red blankets, sky-high—near Lake Louise—who hasn't a care—nor a wish except for something more to eat? . . . You!

Don't waste time doing the usual this year. Cut loose for the Bungalow Camp at Lake O'Hara, 8,000 feet up. Nine Bungalow Camps, each specializing on something. Pick your winner or try them all in turn. Bills as short as the days are long.

Canadian Pacific

IT SPANS THE WORLD

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San Francisco, 675 Market St. Montreal, 141 St. James St.
Canadian Pacific Offices All Over The World



GARTER
For CROOKED LEGS
(PATENTED)
Makes trousers hang straight
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Circular—Plain Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28 South Bend, Indiana



Your name
marked on your
favorite golf ball
FREE!

Just send in the coupon below, with check or money order covering regular retail price, and we'll mail you promptly one dozen or more new golf balls, any brand you specify, imprinted with your full name in red, green, blue or black indelible ink. No charge for marking or postage. Check brand you wish or name your favorite. Money refunded if not completely satisfied.

—Golf Service Co., 3265-G Menlo Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mail postpaid . . . dozen golf balls of brand checked below, marked in . . . ink with

Name (print)

To

Address

Per doz. Per doz.
() Silver King \$12.00 () U. S. Royal \$9.00
() Dunlop Maxfli 12.00 () Pinehurst . . . 9.00

peacetime civilization so glorious? We need a larger dab of ointment around the fly. Accordingly, I respectfully advise:

(a) Instead of a band, a Paul Whiteman orchestra shall be furnished each regiment. (The several hundred organizations left after the military apportionment might play for such debutantes as would consent to go to tea with officers who are also members of the University Club.)

(b) Soldiers shall be paid time and a half for overtime, and double for Sundays.

(c) Officers' Training Schools shall be made co-educational.

(d) The Constitution—particularly the Eighteenth Amendment thereto—shall follow the flag only after a decent lapse of time.

(e) All dollar-a-year positions shall be elective.

(f) A Ku Klux uniform shall be made part of army field equipment, to be worn at all parades.

(g) Sam Browne belts, cordovan riding boots, tailored uniforms, and spurs shall be issued to every enlisted man, and their wear made compulsory.

(h) Walter Camp shall be compelled to extend his daily contribution to the Cause to a Baker's Dozen.

(i) All sections of news dispatches deleted by the late censors shall be reprinted.

Yours for more comfortable wars,

JAMES K. MCGUINNESS,
280 Broadway, New York.

Reflections of a Mother-in-Law

"I BETTER slip down to the corner and get myself a couple of magazines, for if Minnie is going to 'tend to her hair to-morrow I'll prob'ly be housed up with the baby for two or three days. I heard her say yesterday she needed a shingle and I said, yes, I agreed with her; but I wouldn't say where. Harold heard me; I could tell by the gleam in his eye and the way he left the room. But he never smiles at anything I say in the presence of his wife. Harold isn't so stupid, though, even if he is my daughter's husband.

Old English
Silber

BOOKLET OF
HALLMARKS
ON REQUEST

HOWARD & CO
FOUNDED 1866
14 E. Forty-seventh St.
NEW YORK

Now Combat the Film

*That's how millions get
those prettier teeth*

Do you realize how much white teeth add to woman's beauty? And how many women get them now, just by combat-ing film?

This offers you a ten-day test of the method they employ. Learn now how much it means.

Teeth are coated

You feel on teeth a viscous film. Much of it resists the tooth brush, clings and stays.

Soon that film discolours, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film is also the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs, and they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Two ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.



Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some 50 nations have adopted this new method.

A constant aid

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are there to fight acids, and the starch deposits which may form acids. Every use gives manifold power to both these tooth-protecting agents.

Pepsodent is bringing a new dental era. You and your family should know what it means, and we urge you to find out now.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will bring a revelation to you. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 976, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

"Now when I was a young married woman back in Peoria I'd wash my hair on a Sat'd'y afternoon and dry it on the back steps while Lamech was down at the Metropolitan Tonsorial Parlors gettin' ready for Sunday. But with Minnie it's a ritual. She has to give it one washin' herself, which means she doesn't do anything else that day; then the next day she has to go seven miles in the subway to have it cut in a barber shop. The third day she spends downtown having it curled in a beauty parlor. The fourth day, if all goes well, she may be able to consider earthly things for a few minutes. Minnie told me she had spent three hundred dollars on her head last year. I asked her whether she'd consider that investment or speculation and she got awful mad."

McC. H.

The
BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing in
the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President



and A greater Land

SNOWY Mt. Robson,—the wistful beauty of Mt. Edith Cavell, and the glorious fiords of "The Norway of America"—with a thousand other natural wonders,—are your intimate companions on the Transcontinental and Triangle tour of the Canadian National Railways.

This great tour across the Continent, on the largest railway system in the world, takes you through the highest peaks of the Canadian Rockies at the lowest altitude of any transcontinental line.

You should see Jasper National Park, the largest national park in America, with 4,400 square miles of snow-capped peaks, exquisite lakes and mighty glaciers, the tumultuous canyons of Fraser river, mystic Skeena ("the River of Clouds") and the sheltered scenic seas of the Inside Passage.

Stopovers without extra charge are granted for Jasper Park Lodge (alt. only 3,469 feet) in Jasper National Park, accommodating 350 guests and providing every facility for park travel and sports.

Write today to our nearest office for full information and Illustrated Booklet.

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Cleveland—925 Euclid Ave.
Detroit—1259 Griswold St.
Duluth—430 West Superior St.
Kansas City—334-335 Railway Exchange Bldg.
Los Angeles—503 So. Spring St.
Minneapolis—518 Second Ave. South
New York—1270 Broadway, Cor. 33rd St.
Philadelphia—401 Franklin Trust Bldg.
Pittsburgh—505 Park Bldg.
Portland, Me.—Grand Trunk Ry. Station.
Portland, Ore.—120½ Third St.
St. Louis—105 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
St. Paul—Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.
San Francisco—680 Market St.
Seattle—902 Second Avenue.

No passports required

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL
RAILWAYS**

The Largest Railway System in the World



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 12)

his views. Then we fell upon our annual discussion of buying an abandoned farm in Connecticut for week-end purposes, but experience has taught us that the more desirable ones have been abandoned to real estate pirates and prevaricators.

May
3rd

Marie Doro, the playactress, to luncheon with me this day, bringing me items of the latest gossip of London and a bottle of the latest scent of Paris, both of which I was glad of. And we talked of many things both grave and gay, and Marie marked that no woman save a fool would sit with the light coming from behind her, yet most of our sex do still prefer not to face it, which is a fine indirect comment on our composite intelligence. M. told also how she had accompanied George Moore on his first visit to the motion pictures, and when a touching scene moved him, he had said, If it can do this to me, what will my servants think of it?

Baird Leonard.

Spring Moving Item

WE have decided to leave the dust, noise, bustle, once and for all. We are moving to a quiet little spot where we intend to find the real meaning of home, of happy seclusion. We are tired to death of the snorting, screeching, and belching of myriads of automobiles, the shrill bleating of the traffic officer's whistle, the thunder and rumble of Gargantuan motor trucks. We have seen enough of the tired, strained faces of men and women hurried by beneath our bedroom windows in jangling little cars, of the large, blank faces of bored, sated men and women peering through the plate glass of heavy limousines. We have heard enough of the cries of nervous, unhappy little children who want only the freedom of clover-scented meadows. We have stood it all as long as we intend to. . . .

And it is very exhilarating to know that in returning to our apartment in the city we are leaving the little village of Pleasant Springs, with its infernal State highway that runs directly past our house, forever.

E. M. C.

Sparks

UNLESS the Prince of Wales quits the saddle, England will never get over the jumps.

As things are going, the national conventions of 1928 will get delegates only by subpoena.

As tail to the Republican presidential ticket, Dawes would have the time of his life as a wag.

C. G. CONN, Ltd., Elkhart, Ind.
521 Conn Bldg.
Please send "Success in Music" and details of trial offer on _____

Name _____
St. or R. F. D. _____
City, State _____
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Mail for FREE BOOK
Sousa and other world-famous artists who use and endorse Conn instruments as
—Supreme in tone
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will help you choose the Conn which suits your talent, in the pages of this book. Free Trial; Easy Payments. Send coupon for details.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS

"THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT"

Are the embodiment of all that is new in refrigeration, yet time-tested and approved by all during the fifty years of their existence.

Write for descriptive Booklets

MAINE MANUFACTURING CO.
NASHUA N.H.

They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City

"Old Town Canoes"

"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1435 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

The Haunted Head

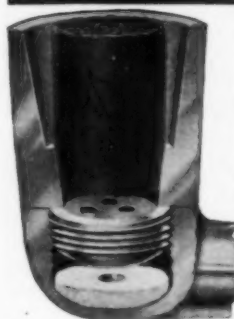
SUCH names as Jones and Cotton,
As Miller, Burton, Gray,
Are made to be forgotten
And vanish with the day,
But Memory, capricious,
Will keep forever bright
The name of Dionysius
The Areopagite.

Why does his name encumber
My brain's bizarre bazaar?
I can't recall the number
Upon my motor-car,
And business dates auspicious
I have forgotten quite,
Then why not Dionysius
The Areopagite?

The years are dead and rotten
Since first he smote my ken
(Where, I have quite forgotten;
I don't remember when).
And was he good or vicious?
Wastrel or erudite?
And who was Dionysius
The Areopagite?

"Why is his name besetting
My memory?" I moan.
"Now that I'm fast forgetting
My wife's name and my own?"
Would it not be delicious
If I should say to-night:
"What was that name? Bonitius
The Anthropophagite?"

M. B.



**You've
Never
Known
Such
Pipe
Comfort!**

The Sherlock Holmes Pipe

smokes like a cigar, but has the real pipe taste! It never bites the tongue, seldom goes out, is always clean, and spreads no sparks in the wind. Bowl never burns out, either. What more could you ask of any pipe!

You can smoke our Perfectpack tobacco, cut to fit one of the two bowls, or smoke your favorite mixture in the second bowl we ship with every Sherlock Holmes Pipe. The order includes, besides, the moisture pads to keep the pipe clean, and three boxes of assorted Perfectpack tobacco, ready for quick, comfortable smoking. All this for \$6.00, prepaid, delivery guaranteed! Redman stem, black Bakelite bowls.

Your dealer can supply pipe and smokes—or or shipped direct upon receipt of only **\$6.**

Same offer, but brain-color Bakelite pipe with rubber stem, only \$4. Send today for complete illustrated circular. **FREE**—tells all about Sherlock Holmes pipes and tobaccos.

Sherlock Holmes Pipe Co.
304 Madison Terminal Building, CHICAGO

PATENTS

Write today for free instruction book and Record of Invention blank. Send sketch or model for personal opinion. **CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN**, Registered Patent Lawyer, 197-C Security Bldg., 1st Floor, Bank Bldg. directly across st. from Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"**



**—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.**

Modern Thoughts on Labor

To labor is to play.

They also get time-and-a-half who only stand and wait.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou make-believe.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees any job finished.

Blessed is the man who hath found his work is bricklaying.

An idle hour is the plumber's hour.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing the property-owner for.

The rest of us toil from sun to sun, but a laborer's work is never done.

E. J. K.

Hollow Triumph

"I HEAR Miss Acrid made a grand slam at the bridge party yesterday."

"Yes, but the woman she slammed had already gone home."

nerve



Intensive feeding, no water. Substitute freely all food juices. **SOLVENT BLOOD** dissolves tumors, blood clots, lime in joints (enabling use of limbs again) also eliminates catarrhal matter from nose, ears, tonsils, bronchials, etc. Eating nerve or muscle food **TO SUIT OCCUPATION** prevents formation of WASTE in blood (the basis of every disease). Demineralized, denatured, disproportioned foods cause disease, from which wild animals are free. **Educational booklet 10 cents. Sworn results. Over 6,000 pupils. BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING** Dept. 37-G. 131 W. 72d Street, New York.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to **FEED AND TRAIN**

your dog **KEEP HIM HEALTHY**

and **CURE DOG DISEASES**

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dogs, heads, training collars, harness, stripping comb, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey



Now to the Barber for a 1-2-3-4 *Boncilla Facial*

GET what's coming to you, today. Just settle down in Mr. Barber's chair and murmur, "Boncilla Facial." Then let loose. Relax every muscle and stage a triumphant "come back."

The partnership of Boncilla and Barber will throw several of your years into the discard. They'll fill you with the well-known "V's"—vim, vigor and verve. They'll make a new man out of you.

Like a congressional investigation Boncilla goes deep—and it brings out the clinkers that obstruct. It puts new life into blood vessels that have been loafers for years. It irons out the wrinkles. It puts the old face back in the youth class.

Oh, it's 1-2-3-4 for fagged faces. Count 'em as they come—first, the Boncilla Pack. Then the Cold Cream, Next, Vanishing Cream. And the big finish—Boncilla Powder.

And then march right out to the nearest toilet goods counter and get a Boncilla Set for "her" who awaits your coming. The Pack-O-Beauty is 50c, or if she's your ideal, take her the No. 37 Ideal Set—full size packages in a gift box.

Boncilla Laboratories, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario



You Can't Please Everybody

"I WANT to stop in this drug store and get a couple of tires and a roll of chicken wire before I go home. This is really the only complete drug store in town. Its department of men's furnishings is really unusual and I get all the children's shoes here.

"It's a shame the way some of the best drug stores are running down. My wife tried in two of them the other day to get a wrist watch and finally had to go to a jeweler. But this fellow never lets his stock run low. You should have seen the assortment of garden hose he had this spring.

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to hold trade, though. A neighbor of mine who has always traded at this store, bought his hats here and everything, quit him and went across the street simply because he couldn't get any quinine tablets here. I told him he ought to be ashamed, criticizing a druggist for being out of a little thing like quinine when he had the largest stock of drygoods and served the best boiled dinner in the city."

McC. H.

Books Received

The Diversions of Dawson, by Bennet Copplestone (Dutton).
The Arts Monographs: Georges Seurat, by Walter Pach (Duffield).
The Arts Monographs: William Glackens, by Forbes Watson (Duffield).
The Heights, by Marguerite Bryant (Duffield).
Cherry Stones, by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan).
Summertime, by Denis Mackail (Houghton Mifflin).
Rapture, by Richmond Brooks Barrett (Boni & Liveright).
The Lady of Belmont, by St. John G. Ervine (Macmillan).
The Way Things Happen, by Clemence Dane (Macmillan).
Broken Butterflies, by Henry Walsworth Kinney (Little, Brown).
Three Plays of A. V. Lunacharski (Dutton).
Mr. Fortune's Practice, by H. C. Bailey (Dutton).
Barbed Wire and Wayfarers, by Edwin Ford Piper (Macmillan).
A Hind Let Loose, by C. E. Montague (Doubleday, Page).
At a Venture, by Charles A. Bennett (Harper).
Inner Darkness, by Ethelda Daggett Hesser (Harper).
Moleskin Joe, by Patrick MacGill (Harper).
A Cure of Souls, by May Sinclair (Macmillan).
Good Hunting, by Norman Davey (Doran).
The Safety Pin, by J. S. Fletcher (Putnam).
The Interpreter's House, by Struthers Burt (Scribner).
Remembered Yesterdays, by Robert Underwood Johnson (Little, Brown).
Crystallizing Public Opinion, by Edward L. Bernays (Boni & Liveright).
Outward Bound, by Sutton Vane (Boni & Liveright).
The First Time in History, by Anna Louise Strong (Boni & Liveright).
Siege, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Boni & Liveright).
Treve, by Albert Payson Terhune (Doran).
American Social History, by Allan Nevins (Holt).
The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton, by Gerald Bullett (Holt).
St. Francis of Assisi, by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Doran).
The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations, by E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke (Macmillan).
Salvos, by Waldo Frank (Boni & Liveright).
Thy Neighbor's Wife, by Liam O'Flaherty (Boni & Liveright).
Husbands and Lovers, by Franz Molnar (Boni & Liveright).
An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S., by Lloyd Osbourne (Scribner).
Foster on Mah Jong, by R. F. Foster (Dodd, Mead).

Spring Is Here!

Not forgetting the flowers that bloom, tra-la—

Life

takes pleasure in making the above exclusive announcement and in calling your attention to the fact that now is the time to sow a good seed.

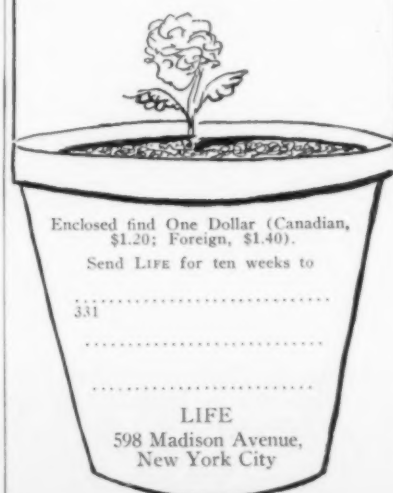
Everybody's planting something. Why not you?

There's a pleasant little plant for you to play with down at the bottom of this column. Simply irrigate the plant with your best fountain pen ink and fertilize with a One Dollar Bill. Then watch it grow. It will bear fruit in the form of these special numbers:

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER
TRAVEL NUMBER
CONVENTION NUMBER
FOURTH OF JULY NUMBER

We positively guarantee that this wonder-plant will yield you one copy of LIFE every week for ten joyous weeks.

Obey that Impulse



Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).

Send LIFE for ten weeks to

331

LIFE

598 Madison Avenue,
New York City

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

MANY of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in offering all of them:

Every—every—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, desk-lamp, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Each hotel maintains a large and well-selected library; you may withdraw books and keep them as long as you

remain in the hotel, without charge.

The rate of every room is shown by a printed, framed card, permanently attached to the wall of that room. You know that you pay no more, no less for that room than do other guests.

And the Rates

Though every room has private bath and running ice-water, Statler rates are no higher than those of other first-class hotels—which means that they give you *extra values, whatever the rate*. These hotels are well-balanced, too; more than 82% of all rooms in Hotels Statler are \$5 or less, as are also more than 55% of all those in Hotel Pennsylvania.

Guarantee of Statler Service

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if the positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become

a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

Emory

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER and Statler-operated HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

Every room has private bath and running ice-water; in every room is posted its rate, printed in plain figures.



What's here which can't be seen?

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ARCO
1924

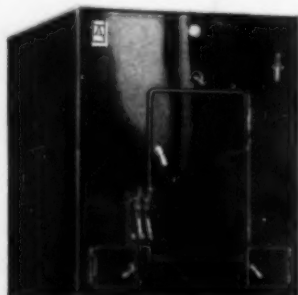
WARMTH. Its source is a noiseless, dustless IDEAL Boiler in the cellar below. So perfect is the boiler's operation that you are unconscious of its service. You compliment it *by name* when you say of the house, "Its atmosphere is Ideal."

Let us tell you about the IDEAL Boiler which is designed for just such a house as *yours*, and how it will pay for itself in the fuel it saves. Address either office below.

There is a particular IDEAL Boiler for every size and type of home. All you need to remember are these good words:

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IDEAL
TYPE A



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